

THE COMING WAR IN EUROPE.

THE year opens with general presentiments of war in Europe; and, for all our predilections in favor of peace, we cannot deny that the balance of probabilities is against its continuing much longer. Some of our readers may have heard, and some may smile to be told, that England's patient obstinacy in maintaining peace has been *calculated* by men deeply versed in the science and practical application of numbers, to last *only till the year 1847!* Certainly the actual posture and tendencies of affairs are not pacific. It is no part of a wise policy, to shut your eyes to manifest signs of coming events. The question of peace or war does not rest with the peaceably-disposed. The combativeness of ruder nations seeks an outlet. It has been observed that one generation scarcely feels the horrors of a war sustained by the preceding generation, and therefore does not fully value the blessing which it has in peace. Monarchs still take pride in wearing the costume of the soldier's profession; and it is not to be supposed that those vast armies which have been prepared in the North and East have fought their last battles.

The question remains, at what point will war break out, when it does come? This question, of vital importance for Europe and the progress of civilization, involves not only the difference between that which is inevitable and that which is not inevitable, but also the difference between what would be a gratuitous and unmitigated calamity and what might be a rough road to better things. In England and France, power has learned to accept public opinion as arbiter on disputed points; the proper function of war, therefore, is superseded in that region, so long as public opinion retains its due supremacy; and a return to the ruder process would be most criminal folly. Nothing could be gained by it: it would be a merely retrograde act. And in the same region, by a due use of legitimate influences—namely, those of mutual understanding and public opinion—statesmen have the power to prevent war. In other regions the case is very different in both respects; that is to say, war is neither to be prevented nor perhaps wholly to be deprecated.

Russia, the empire which subsists on the most rude and naked basis of main force, is the grand depository of warlike menaces: and the advance of her encroachment has now reached such a point that the next step seems certain to involve Europe in a war of resistance. The same unchecked progress which has brought Russia to that point must have taught her commanders a fatally delusive lesson of impunity. Every step has been successful. Province after province has had the Russian mark placed upon it, and has been seized, with an advance as steady and as undisputed as that of the backwoodsman with his axe into the forest. The Russian boundary has been pushed not only to Persia, but within Persia; and Persia herself is undergoing the double process of being enclosed by Russia and of being Russianized internally. Russia has set her "Pansclavonian" mark on the Christian provinces of Turkey. The *Times* has been publishing a re-

markable correspondence of the year 1815, in which Lord Castlereagh remonstrated vigorously, but unsuccessfully, with the Emperor Alexander against his aggression on Poland; and among the rest, is quoted an extraordinary avowal, from a memorandum addressed by Count Pozzo di Borgo to Alexander. The count is arguing against concession of Polish nationality in deference to the claims of Europe—

"The destruction of Poland as a nation forms almost the whole modern history of Russia. The system of aggrandizement on the side of Turkey has been merely territorial, and, I venture to say, secondary to that which has been carried on upon the western frontier. The conquest of Poland has been effected principally in order to multiply the relations of the Russian nation with the rest of Europe, and to open a wider field and a more exalted and conspicuous stage for the exercise of its strength and its talents, and for the satisfaction of its pride, its passions, and its interests. This great scheme, which has been crowned with complete success, admits of no division in the unity of the empire."

This "great scheme" has been fully consummated in 1846, by the annihilation of Cracow and the absorption of Warsaw. Russia has extended her frontier to its utmost so far as merely "multiplying her relations with Europe," and can go no further without advancing *into* Europe. She has her German frontage, and cannot push it on except by taking a bit of Germany. But why should she stop, since perfect impunity and success have hitherto attended her advance? A moving bog, after swallowing the field, might as well entertain scruples on coming to the village. It is true that the next step, whenever taken, must be different from all before; but what difference is there that *Russia* can perceive? Her past successful impunity she will impute to her own cunning and her immense resources in brute strength: those she still possesses, and what difference can she see? Russia, then, will go on. She has approached the crisis of her doom, and the next step is pregnant with a new train of consequences; but it is not given to her to see the altered presence in which she walks.

A strong impression prevails in London, that Russia is about to pounce upon *Austria*. Austria, the great embodiment of Absolutism, has begotten the still more monstrous Endriago of Absolutism which is to destroy it. Possibly, Austria is weak on every side; her walls have a practicable breach at every point of the compass. When Russia seizes the Christian provinces of Turkey, the aggression will be upon Vienna rather than upon the Porte. Hungary is a dependant that keeps Austria in terror. Pansclavonianism, again, threatens Austria's ill-gotten Polish provinces. All Germany is indignant with the once supreme Austria for the Cracow blunder. Switzerland, weak and small, is tempting Austria into suicidal projects of intervention, if not of partition. Switzerland is a *principle*, and touching that Austria will have more to contend with than the Swiss: but what does Austria know about principles? In Italy Austria is threatened with multiplied dangers. So much without. At the centre sits a *cretin* on the throne, and, ruling in

the name of that *cretin*, the old decaying minister of an old decaying empire—the old husband of a young wife.

Prussia trembles. Overreached by Russia, the hesitating, trimming, martinet-pedagogue, who takes himself for the workman when he is only the tool, and not a first-rate tool, is placed between two fires. The screen afforded by Poland razed, he is brought into dangerous contact with the rude and unscrupulous power of the north—a fencing-master with foil and compliments exposed to the career of the wild Cossack. At home, he wages with growing opinion a dangerous, tantalizing contest of procrastination. The turning of a straw may force Prussia into a military attitude, in which she would have to purchase an army at the cost of popular concessions; or self-provoked troubles at home may force her to buy Russian forbearance on Russian terms.

The peace of Italy is a tenant at will, with many landlords. Liberalism never raised its head so high, nor behaved with so wise a discretion. The accession of Pius the Ninth began a new volume of her unwritten history. The native princes are said to contemplate a league against alien domination—a federal consolidation of Italy in order to her independence. Austria will then pour in armies. Again, a great main railroad into Italy is sanctioned, most wisely, by native princes; it will open a highway to wealth for them and to immense popular advantages for their subjects: Austria is jealous, commercially and politically, and not without reason: Austria will probably resist; but English capital is not apt to be balked of its legitimately-sanctioned investment, nor to be vanquished. There is growing up in this region a clear identity of native sovereign rights, of popular rights, of French and of English interests. But on the threshold stands inevitable war.

We have rapidly glanced over the volcanic regions on the map of Europe. In all of them war is imminent. We perceive a number of conflicting influences, growing too big for a coördinate occupation of a common territory, but possessing no common intelligence or test by which to supersede the trial of strength; and therefore the trial of strength must come. Absolutism alone would excite war, because it has yet some lessons to learn in that shape which it is incapable of receiving in any other shape. But, we say, Europe has a lively interest as to the particular site where war may happen first to break out. It touches those countries which most improve peace, that the crater should be broken in as remote a region as possible. But that is a small consideration as compared with some others. Contest may be more or less productive in good fruits according to its mode and place of eruption. The case of Prussia, for instance, might be ruled by the result of a struggle in Italy: a war in Italy, therefore, might supersede certain imminent troubles in Germany; and it would be more likely to do so if it were not a fight between peoples and princes, (which would provoke sympathetic movements,) but one between native and alien princes, with a contingent recognition of popular claims. Again, should the Italian contest be anticipated by the next step of Russian encroachment, that one act might supersede all special contests, in part if not altogether. Russia can crush Austria: Austria is not worth saving as she is, and no one would take the trouble. But Russia cannot be suffered to absorb into her rude morass a constituent and recognized part of Europe—to swallow up a living state: the advance of Russia on Europe, therefore, would

provoke a war of Europe on Russia. Such a war is not to be avoided at the will and pleasure of European states: war depends, usually, on the ruder and therefore most quarrelsome state—it depends here upon Russia; Russia, however, is not likely to see the consequences. Such a war would probably involve the unsettlement of the whole Russian and European system, and, were the opportunity duly improved, would leave Europe in a better state: it would be the healthful storm, which while it destroys purifies and so vivifies.

For such reasons, these portents of cholera may be regarded less as visitations than as opportunities. How far they might be made to bear the best fruits, would mainly depend on the acuteness and discretion of the most active promoters of opinion in the several countries concerned. All might be lost by aiming at too much. For instance, were Prussia forced into a position for making concessions to popular claims, the effort to snatch a republic would be merely vain; and the resistance it would provoke might prevent the attainment of what would be quite possible, because the people are quite prepared for it—a constitutional monarchy. In Italy again, if the native princes were engaged in a contest with alien rulers, it would be a matter of choice for the peoples to support their princes or to go for separate objects; but the most surely profitable step would be, to make a compact alliance between peoples and native princes. Rightly understood, the power of the people always increases with the power of the state, and *vice versa*. In short, the amount of profit to be gained from opportunity depends upon the degree in which leading actors aim at the things next attainable, rather than at remote and precarious objects.—*Spectator*, 9 Jan.

THE speech of King Louis Philippe, on opening the French chambers, judged by the general standard of royal speeches, is not a very satisfactory indication as to the state of official feeling in France. The hackneyed assurances of peace usher in a bold out-speaking flourish about the Montpensier marriage, as continuing the "intimate" relations of France with Spain—just the very thing of which English officials are jealous; and the announcement that the king has protested against that "unexpected event" the annexation of Cracow. The tone of the speech almost implies that France glories in her isolation. Such is the first impression; but we suspect other feelings lie beneath the surface. It is credibly reported, that in a draft of the speech prepared by the constitutional historian, M. Guizot, the annexation of Cracow was characterized as "regrettable;" the king's substitution of the more neutral phrase, joined to his open declaration of the protest, indicates a state of vacillation and uneasiness; and his marked allusion to the small and unsatisfactory coöperation of French and English at the Rio de la Plata looks as if he were glad to make the most of any opportunity for hinting that the English alliance is neither lost nor unvalued.

This maturer impression is strengthened by a perusal of the diplomatic correspondence on the Montpensier marriage, which has been laid before the French Chambers, and published in the London journals; and which also confirms our previous views of the communications between the French and English ministers. In protesting against the marriage, Lord Palmerston takes his stand upon the treaty of Utrecht, which he regards as "conclusive" against the match; he also objects that Eng-

land will be jealous at the closer relation that the marriage will establish between the courts of Madrid and Paris, and especially that it might lead to an armed French intervention in Spanish affairs; and he distinctly hints that England might waive her objections if the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier were to make certain public "renunciations,"—meaning renunciations of her right of succession, that is, to the Spanish throne. We have before expressed our opinion as to the flaw in any protest against the marriage which rests upon the provision of the treaty of Utrecht, and as to the utter futility of any claim, under that treaty, for further renunciations.

So much for the matter in issue. It is observed by a leading journal, the reverse of unfriendly to our present administration, that Lord Palmerston's bearing in the conduct of the dispute is unfavorably contrasted with the French minister's. The contrast could not have escaped the most casual observation. Speaking generally, the state of the case on either side may be thus described: King Louis Philippe was pursuing his own interests, and M. Guizot is trying with all his might to make the best of the affair: England had no interests or none but what were very remote, and her minister is trying with all his might to make the worst of the affair. He goes far beyond the necessities of the case, far beyond diplomatic decorum, or even the decencies of controversy between gentlemen: he lays himself open to just and temperate rebukes from M. Guizot, for making a coarsely-expressed and random charge against the French diplomatists of using "moral coercion" upon Queen Isabella, for dragging the French sovereign into the dispute by name, and for garbling the writing of his antagonist in the controversy by way of building up a charge of inconsistency! Lord Palmerston seizes the occasion to make insinuations of shabby conduct. He seems to forget that all parties to the controversy were presumed to be gentlemen. His writing reads as if it were throughout animated by a malignant spirit seeking to give offence and to render the breach as wide as possible. We do not say that such was his deliberate intention; but we cannot deny that, if his purpose was otherwise, his manner was lamentably calculated to belie him.

It is fortunate that this correspondence has been brought to light so soon. Its prompt publication fulfils M. Guizot's promised appeal from the British minister to the British public. Among reflecting readers, that appeal will meet with a response not indeed favorable to the selfishness and finesse of the court of the Tuileries, but gravely condemnatory of the imprudent, mischievous, petty spirit, of the present British secretary for foreign affairs. It will virtually be an appeal even to some of Lord Palmerston's own colleagues, who cannot have been privy to the lumbering despatches when they were transmitted. We believe, indeed, that their worst effect may be neutralized by public opinion, and by subsequent communications conceived more in the spirit of that public opinion. For where two peoples, like the French and English, have mutual interests so close, and know that they have, it is impossible that they can be dragged into conflict by indiscretion so individual and so transparent.—*Spectator*, 16 Jan.

ITALY.—The activity and popularity of the pope continue unabated. He recently took a ride towards Ostia, to inspect the ravages made by the floods; giving directions for drainage, and raising the wages

of the laborers. Some of the cavaliers who rode with him complained of his hard riding. On new-year's day several corrupt subordinate officers of police were dismissed. On that day the pope won a loud expression of affection by the simple act of motioning to the people, crowded to pay their respects to him, that they should put on their hats during a shower of rain. The pope has founded a chair of *political economy* at the University of La Sapienza.

His holiness is engaged in a dispute with the Emperor of Austria, who claims the right to appoint the Bishop of Mantua, under a concordat obtained by Joseph the Second; the pope contends that it does not embrace the *Italian* provinces of Austria, annexed to the empire since the concordat was signed.

At Rome, on the 13th January, there was a great concourse in the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, to hear a sermon by the Padre Ventura, the most eloquent of Roman orators. But a taller and more majestic figure was seen making for the pulpit: it was the pope, who ascended the rostrum and preached a sermon; the first time that any occupant of St. Peter's chair has done so for three hundred years. He said that he could not help taking that opportunity of responding to the affection and loyalty which had been manifested towards him by the people; a revival of old Roman reverence for the chair of St. Peter, however now inadequately filled. "The best return he could make would be by a renewal of his efforts for their welfare, political as well as religious; for the latter especially, as immeasurably the nearer and dearer to his breast. The pope then went with the utmost simplicity and manly good sense into the details of practical improvements which he desired to see carried out in the individual conduct of his hearers; touching on most of the popular vices, and urging with all the fervor of the ancient homilies a thorough moral reform in his auditory." This scene was totally unexpected, and created the most lively impressions of affection and reverence for the sovereign pontiff.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator*, who writes from Vienna on the 11th January, supplies an interesting review of the actual state of the international questions in the north—

"The complication of difficulties which have gathered around the settlement of Cracow is likely to modify the original plan proposed for regulating that city's destination. The concession demanded by Prussia, to which the Austrian cabinet was not opposed, is likely to fall before the vehement opposition of Russia. No commercial considerations ever influence the Russian cabinet when political difficulties seem to clash with them. Here the assembling of the troops under Rudiger, on the frontier of Cracow, is thought to have a double import. It serves as an indirect menace: thus, if Austria should be inclined to yield to the remonstrances of the western powers, and to promise the eventual recognition of the independence of this free city, Russia will then take care of herself in her own fashion, and occupy what has been evacuated. Russia is opposed to encouraging the trade of the city, whose extinction alone affords a hope that the Poles will relinquish their efforts to restore their nation to its place in Europe: should the demands of Russia be rejected, and Cracow be allowed to trade freely, the military cordon is intended to

seal the Russian frontier hermetically, and to throw all inducement to smuggle on the side of Austria.

"The menacing position of the despotic powers towards the constitutional states of Europe is the more extraordinary, that the financial difficulties under which they labor totally precludes all possibility of their encountering a war, without subjecting themselves to domestic revolutions, the results of which cannot be calculated. Of this circumstance France cannot perhaps avail herself; but it *must* lend great weight to the opinion expressed by England, who is now the arbiter of Europe.

"The protestations of Sweden and Turkey are considered here to be timely confessions of the temporary suspension of that international law which was established at the treaty of Vienna. Holland will perhaps allow her regret at the loss of Belgium to get the better of the usual Dutch prudence, and may not unite with the other maritime powers.

"The difficult position of Denmark, menaced by the German Confederation on the one side, and forced to look only to Russia on the other for a doubtful support in case of emergency, has, doubtless, forced the court of Copenhagen to silence.

"But the terror of the neutral powers is not small at the open proclamation of the law of the strongest at so critical a moment. These political complications have a great effect in diminishing confidence everywhere; and the state of the money market is a good index of men's fears."

Russia displays a suspicious activity in suspicious quarters. Her representative in Switzerland has notified to the vorort, that the emperor will not interfere in the affairs of the federation so long as the republic observes its constitution according to the settlement in 1815. Austria and Prussia concur in this declaration. The proceeding is susceptible of two constructions. Having thrown great discredit on the settlement of Europe at the peace, by their breach of the treaty of Vienna—knowing that their right to plead that settlement against the acts of other European states will hereafter be disputed—the northern powers, Russia especially, may wish to obtain the reëdhion of Switzerland to the settlement, under threat of dangerous consequences to her if it be not strictly maintained. Literally interpreted, indeed, their notice to Switzerland amounts to this—that autocracies may break treaties, free governments must not.

The other construction to which the new sally is liable is, that Russia and her accomplices have here taken the initiative step of aggression on Europe—that the fire of war has already begun to smoke and murmur in one of those volcanic spots which we recently pointed out. The two constructions, indeed, are not incompatible; and at any rate, the notification clearly paves the way for more violent proceedings in future.

It must be coupled with other ominous manifestations—with the menacing attitude of the Russian army on the frontier of Polish Austria—with the efforts of Russian diplomacy to make the Porte sanction the annexation of Cracow. Turkey was no party to the treaty of Vienna, and this attempt to obtain her suffrage shows the anxiety of Russia to bolster up the broken treaty by collateral supports. Having taken advantage of the infraction, she wishes to "save the pieces" for her own use.

Russia was never busier than she is at this moment. England has no cause to fear her; but if it is England's mission to promote peace and civilization in Europe, Russia must be watched, in

order that her vagaries may be made opportunities for useful ends which she does not contemplate.—*Spectator*, 23 Jan.

SWITZERLAND.—The troubles of this republic are recommencing. The ministers of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, have each addressed a note to the vorort, declaring that the northern powers will abstain from any intervention in the internal affairs of Switzerland only on condition that the Swiss themselves strictly adhere to the compact of 1815. The Russian note, signed by the Russian envoy Krudener, is dated the 10th of January; and the body of it is as follows—

"According to the orders with which he is provided, the undersigned is under the necessity of having the honor of announcing to the new directory of the Swiss Confederation, that, seeing in it the authority which, in virtue of the 10th article of the compact concluded the 7th of August, 1815, is called on to conduct the general affairs of the confederation, Russia will maintain with it her accustomed friendly relations through the organ of the present directory, as long as the basis upon which its power reposes shall not be disturbed in its essence or vitiated in its spirit. This basis is the federal compact of 1815; and the spirit of that act is only maintained in its integrity as long as the sovereignty of the cantons, guaranteed by the compact, and limited only for certain specific ends which the federal constitution indicates, shall be scrupulously respected. The more grave the circumstances under which the Canton of Berne assumes the high functions which are imposed upon it, the more the imperial court considers itself obliged not to leave any doubt as to its sentiments, and as to the consequences which will naturally follow."

The reply of the vorort was bold and determined. It claimed for Switzerland the right enjoyed by every independent nation to introduce such modifications into its domestic legislation as time and the growing wants of the people may require. It protested against all foreign intervention in the internal affairs of the country; and declared, as far as regards these, that it acknowledges no authority save that of the confederate cantons.

It is considered probable that an extraordinary diet may be convoked; but in such a measure the directory will not assume the initiative. Several cantons, however, have already suggested that proceeding.

REPEAL IN ENGLAND.—There seems to be no very remote chance that something of a repeal spirit may be transferred from the western shores of St. George's Channel to the eastern. The funds at Conciliation Hall have fallen for some time, and on Monday last they closed at the lowest quotation—167. for the week. This decline, we suspect, is to be imputed not only to the destitute state of the Irish people, but also to the fact that the interest in political questions has been quite drowned in the more urgent considerations of the famine. Too poor to harbor ribandmen or pay repeal shillings, the people are too busy in looking after the next meal, the next provision-ship from England, or the next subsidy, to attach much importance to a Parliament on College Green. They would indeed discover that a Parliament on College Green could by no means pour out sums so freely as the Parliament in Palace Yard does.

But if the Union is just now conferring substantial advantages on Ireland, it is quite the reverse

with England. The Irish people suffer physically—which unfortunately cannot be helped; but it is the English that suffer pecuniarily: it is with English money that food is bought for the starving; it is English money that is lent to the landlords; and it is England that receives shoals of emigrant paupers coming to snatch food from the relieving-officers of the English poor-law: Liverpool is swamped with a horde of more than twenty thousand such "casual poor;" and even Scotland sustains a similar visitation. Such is the cost of the Union to Great Britain. Many persons are beginning to think that it would serve Irish landlords and agitators right if repeal were granted, and Ireland were cast off, to shift for herself. Never did a mortal power, even so great as the power of England, possess the opportunity to inflict so terrible a stroke. —*Spectator*, 30th Jan.

THE foreign news of the week is of a gossiping rather than stirring kind, but is not without interest.

In France, there is a growing impression that King Louis Philippe, having used M. Guizot as an easy tool in the affair of the marriage, is about to throw him away, "as men would serve a cucumber," to propitiate England by the sacrifice.

Austria, wanting money to pay for her revolutionary intrigues in Galicia, is suspected of contemplating a Harry the Eighth manoeuvre to raise the wind—confiscation of ecclesiastical revenues in Lombardy and Venice. At the same time, we see the pope uniting the enlightened spirit of the nineteenth century with the pious zeal and humility that were not extinct in the middle ages. It is a contrast of destructive despotism with conservative liberality.

The Spanish ministry has broken up; not through the strength of any antagonist party, but through internal weakness.

Across the Atlantic, the several great parties of the United States are beginning to try to shuffle off, from one to the other, the responsibility of the vexatious, costly, and not glorious Mexican war. Mr. Polk proves a very troublesome chief magistrate. —*Spect.*, 30th Jan.

MR. CLOWES.—All concerned in printing affairs will observe with regret the death of Mr. William Clowes; who expired, after a short illness, on 26 January. Mr. Clowes was the proprietor of the largest printing establishment in Europe—a perfect town, on the southern bank of the Thames. It was from that officina that the *Spectator* first issued, in 1828. The *Morning Chronicle* gives the following obituary notice—

"Mr. Clowes was the architect of his own fortune; having come to London, some forty years ago, after the expiration of his apprenticeship to a printer in his native town of Chichester. He soon after commenced business on his own account, in a small way; and by unwearied industry and perseverance, gradually established a respectable connexion. He was amongst the first, a quarter of a century ago, to see the new era of printing that was opened by the introduction of the steam-press; and his engines at Northumberland Court were the earliest applied to the production of books. The demand for cheap literature, of which the *Penny Magazine* was the most extraordinary example, gave a new impulse to the energies of Mr. Clowes; and, in connexion with a vast amount of govern-

ment business, gradually established the gigantic printing manufactory of Duke Street, Stamford Street, so often described and so celebrated wherever English books penetrate. To have accomplished the great results of his business from small beginnings, required the efforts of no common man. Mr. Clowes did not aspire to the honors of the learned printers; but he possessed the highest powers of business organization, and an energy which overcame every ordinary difficulty, and in many instances accomplished undertakings which are almost marvels. To work off half-a-million sheets of paper in a week—to set up the types and complete the impression of a thousand folio pages of a parliamentary report in the same time—to print the 'Nautical Almanack,' consisting of 500 or 600 pages of figures, without a single error, in sixteen or seventeen days—are amongst the recorded wonders of Mr. Clowes' establishment. The labors of Mr. Clowes' life will be permanently associated with the intellectual development and the persevering energy which are the distinguishing characteristics of our own times; and his loss will be deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by his kind and generous nature."

INHALATION OF ETHER.—Among the increasing number of successful experiments with the inhalation of ether, one recorded by the *Edinburgh Witness* is perhaps the most surprising and amusing. The operation was performed by Professor Miller, at the Royal Infirmary. The patient was a middle-aged Irishman, a "navigator," who had sustained compound fracture of the leg nine weeks before. The fracture had not united, in consequence of the presence of a dead piece of bone; and it became necessary to remove this by a painful operation. The man appeared to resist the influence of the vapor. He said he was not asleep, and declared that "it would not do." The operation was at length begun; the patient remained unconscious, repeating that "it would not do"—that the thing had not succeeded with him. At the end of ten minutes the operation was finished; and the operator remarked to the man, "Well, I suppose you won't let me operate to day?" "Certainly not," said the patient; "*it won't do*; I must be asleep. We can try it another time." On sitting up and seeing the wound, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, "No doubt there's blood, or something very like it; but I have n't felt a single thing done to my leg. That *bates* the globe;" and on being asked decidedly as to his having "felt anything," he repeatedly answered, "Not a ha'porth." He got into amazing spirits, and refused to leave the table until he had told "all about the teldrums of the business."

A more novel but equally successful application of the inhalation is recorded in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*. Professor Simpson has administered it in a case of difficult labor. The patient was deformed, and on a former occasion has suffered dreadfully in labor during three or four days: on the present occasion the woman was delivered in as many minutes. A remarkable circumstance pointed out in the case by Dr. Simpson was, that, whilst breathing the ether, the labor-throes continued, and yet the mother was unconscious of pain.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE keeping up of appearances is a disease not peculiar to one individual or one class. All the world is always trying to keep up appearances. It is the means by which everybody deceives everybody, and, more curious still, constantly deceives himself.

When any unfortunate individual fails in the attempt to keep up appearances, all the rest of the world flies at him and tears him piecemeal. He is dragged before judges appointed for the purpose, in a court solely appropriated to try such fools; and there placed in confinement, that he may not have the opportunity of again disgracing the world by failing in his attempt to keep up appearances; nine tenths of his judges and detractors all the while trembling on the verge of the same destructive fall; yet they smile on, as if in the greatest state of security lavishing their means with troubled souls, because they must keep up appearances.

The world is always straining and overreaching itself, in all its grades, to be the one above it. Every one wishes to be thought something, more than he or she really is. Thus you see the maid of all work, or family drudge, hunger for her holiday; and when it arrives, fag herself to death by wandering through the streets in her best things—many degrees too fine—with a veil and a bon which she must put in her pocket before she returns home; merely for the fleeting vanity of being taken for somebody who did not know the shape of a mop or a scrubbing brush.

Many a man who is obliged to keep up appearances by dressing well—which is a very expensive part of the delusion—must cut down his expenses in other quarters; consequently his lodging loses in respectability of situation what his coat gains in texture and cut. To have his boots and hat always in an undeniable state, he must put up with a second floor back; and if insane enough to indulge in a taglioni with velvet facings and a Llama shawl, suppers must be represented by hard biscuits.

The cheap locality in which this kind of single appearance lives is of very little consequence to him. His cautious manœuvres to get out of it, from his nervous apprehension of being seen by the world that really cares nothing about him, are amusing and droll. He pops out suddenly with a hurried glance around, to see that the coast is clear; the door is slammed to with a nervous twitch, and as if he placed the trap upon the domestic demon in possession of his secret. But before emerging from the end of the street into the world, he looks about as if he had missed his way; looks up at the name of the street, when, seeing all right, he starts out upon the broad pavement, defying the world to say or believe that he had cleaned his own boots of unexceptionable make.

The keeping up of appearance is in the main a drollery, prompted by vanity, pride and folly; yet in many cases it is a thing of much pathos, and through its workings are shown some of the most beautiful feelings of our nature. Who can see unmoved the stripling issuing from his widowed mother's door to seek the drudgery of his office, that promises him, ere long, a remuneration that will enable him to place that fond mother in comfort—see his nicely folded collar, white as snow, falling over the scrupulously brushed jacket; and the old silk handkerchief tied on by her careful

hand to guard against the early morning cold. In a neat paper packet, he bears his frugal dinner, unknowing that his mother makes her tea do for dinner and all, that she may have a comfortable meal for her darling boy on his return; thus touching on the very verge of starvation that he may keep up appearances.

The clerk of narrow stipend who alone did brilliantly is taken in by appearances, until he finds it impossible to disentangle himself from the enthrallments of blue eyes and ringlets, and in that moment, which most men have in their lives, proposes for the fair one to the old people, cunning in keeping up appearances, who accepts him accordingly, and he soon marries a young lady with a very nice voice, and a charming performer on the pianoforte, that is left behind her for her younger sisters to practise upon.

Here begins his struggle to keep up appearances. He must cake and wine his friends, or they would think him as poor as he is. "To be poor and seem so, is the devil," say the old people, and he commits all sorts of follies accordingly. In the course of time the first child is christened—everybody comes. This is about the last scintillation. Common sense comes to the young couple, and they find that they must pull up, or they will soon be unable to keep up appearances at all. Now commences his hard work. Hats will get shabby, clothes will get seedy, boots are not everlasting; yet it won't do for the nattiest man in the office to lose his place in the scale. The young wife struggles, and does without her new silk dress, that he may have a new coat; she cuts and contrives to refurbish up last year's bonnet, and with the aid of a new riband, people who are not too prying might really take it for a bonnet just sent home. Her songs and her vanities are all forgotten in her anxiety that they should keep up appearances. If asked to sing, she stumbles for want of practice, and seldom sings except to the baby, who is no great judge.

She follows her husband to the door, on his morning departure, with the brush in her hand to take off the last bit of flue, or have another brush at his hat; and he walks out looking at least five hundred a year, if not more; and no one, to look at him, would think that he was a man likely to tremble at a water-rate, for he keeps up appearances uncommonly well.

Another child is born! His hat must get shabbier, and he has much more difficulty in preparing it for the public gaze. He sighs as he sees the summer approach, which he has hitherto welcomed with pleasure; for he must lay by his cloak, which has been such a good friend to him during the winter, assisting him in every way to circumvent the prying eyes of his friends from discovering that his clothes were worn more than they ought to be, considering his grade in society, which is, if he were not bitten with the general mania, something within three times his income.

The consequence of all this is, that he gets into debt, and in his attempts to appear very respectable he, in reality, becomes not at all so. His quarter's salary, though much increased since his marriage, is bespoke twice over. The baker turns morose, and the butcher savage. He gets nervous and timid, and is afraid of his own knockery, and he undergoes an hourly torture, because he will keep up appearances. He will have a larger house than he wants—he will give wine to his friends when they dine with him, although he mentally calculates the value of each glass as his dear friends swallow

it, with the full belief that the more they drink the more he is gratified; for, from appearances, he is well able to afford it.

His wife, although a good one, knocks herself up both mentally and bodily in providing a more profuse dinner than is necessary, because people should think that they were very well off; and sees them to the door, on their departure, with the most reckless flaring of wax candles; when, if any one of the party were to return for his umbrella, he would be greeted by the smell of their rapid extinguishing, which she is sure to perform before the echoes of their footsteps have ceased to sound down the street; whilst her husband is making the bottoms of wine into one bottle to be carefully put by. After a tedious putting away, and the selecting the borrowed from their own, they crawl off to bed, solaced in their fatigue by the hope that they have astonished their friends, and kept up appearances.

An old lady, some years ago, who belonged to a family of some standing, voluntarily banished herself far a field from the locality where she was known, that she might save part of her stipend to remit to her elder sister, who still lived in the house that the family had occupied in more prosperous times. She paid her regular visits, few and far between, as if she were as rich as ever, which she managed to do by coming by the cheapest conveyance to the nearest posting town, and rattling in from thence to her native place in style. Here, for a short time, she lived in the luxury of keeping up appearances as they used to be, by which she was repaid for all the rest of her time being spent in almost penury. At last her sister died, and she came, in her turn, a lone woman, to reside in the family house. She gave her sister, of course, a splendid funeral, worthy of the family, and invited all the highest of her acquaintances to follow, in honor of her ancient name.

After the interment she left her two old servants to keep house, who were as jealous of her honor as herself, and proceeded to her distant home to settle, as she said, her affairs there, ere she took permanent possession of the family house. She was absent for some months upon this errand, merely to economize after the dreadful expenditure incurred by her sister's funeral.

She returned, however, apparently consoled for her loss, and gave her stiff ceremonious parties exactly as her sister had done before her. Time wore on, and she died, but not before she had provided for appearances, which she did by selling her house and costly furniture to a distant purchaser, that the people immediately adjacent might think he inherited it, and leaving her cottage far away, with a small annuity, to the old married couple who had served her family so faithfully. She then devoted the remainder of her effects to her own funeral, which was to be as splendid as the money could provide. Thus, having made preparation to be deposited in the family vault, she died, fully satisfied that she had kept up appearances to the last.

Some fifty years ago, a young man, who found himself the last of his family, with the small remainder of a once splendid fortune, which had been squandered by a few showy generations, until it descended to him in the shape of about six hundred a year, shuddered as he looked at the paltry sum that was to keep him in the fashionable circle to which he was so much attached, and out of which he would have ceased to exist. His carriage must be put down! That admirable conveyance, the

envy of his brother beaux. His embroidered coats, the admiration of the world—the fashionable world—would be ridiculous without all the luxurious adjuncts of servants, carriages, &c. Six hundred a year could not do it. Despair seized him at the idea of cutting off a single domestic from his establishment or one frog from his coat. He knew too well that the lynx eyes of his dear fraternity would perceive the defalcation in an instant, and triumph in his declension. His whole life having been hitherto spent in pondering on the color of his chariot, and cutting out paper patterns for his tailor, he felt that he could only live as he had lived, or die. He was feeble-minded, but honorable. To get into debt was repugnant to his feelings as a gentleman, and he also saw that such a course would soon overwhelm him with disgrace.

He pondered upon suicide, now that he might die without the fading of a single ray from his glory; but he felt poignantly what a loss he would be to his followers and the *beau monde*, by whom he was looked upon as a pure and unquestionable pattern card.

Amidst these dark ponderings, a sudden light broke in upon him. His resolve was taken. Bright and happy thought! If he could not shine all his life, he would shine half. He would illuminate this earth but as a sun, appearing brighter from its occasional absence, which left the world in darkness.

This strange resolve he accordingly put in practice, by informing all whom it might concern, that he intended to travel abroad to improve his taste—not in articles of vertu, or by antiquarian research, but in studying the elegance of foreign manners and costume. He continued the gayest of the gay during the remainder of the fashionable season in the metropolis, then flitted, no one knew whither, and no one had a right to ask. He had no living relative, and the friendship among beaux is of that quiet, candle-light nature, that they feel no enthusiasm except in a crowd, and their knowledge of each other is only of the outside.

Time wore on, and tailors and corset makers had become busy. London again opened its eyes, and the fashionable season had arrived. With it returned our hero. Where he had been no one knew; where he came from no one cared; but there he was—the ornament of his circle—the admired of the admired. He was No. 1.

Before the rainbow of fashion again faded from the sky of *ton*, he vanished like a creation of the brain, or the brainless. Tailors sighed, and carriage builders mourned. Season after season came and went—so did he. Age crept on him, but he still maintained his supremacy among fools. The hanging of his sword and the tie of his cravat were patterns: his manner of taking snuff was attained by very few—but to approach him was excellence; and so did he keep up his appearance until he disappeared.

But the secret of his being able to keep up such appearances was this—and it is no fiction that I am penning: at the end of each of his performances or seasons, his carriage was packed, and his borrowed valet discharged his hotel bill: his embroideries were laid in lavender, and he departed "into the depth of the cloud that shadowed Borgia," which was a humble cottage near the sea side, where he boarded with a decent couple during his eclipse, and amused himself in his banishment by cutting out puzzlers for tailors in paper. Thus he lived a harmless, silly life; a victim to keeping up

appearances; and died satisfied that he had gained immortal glory in the fashionable world by his tact.

In some professions the keeping up of appearances is most essential, though commonly understood, and hardly wearing a veil. The young medical practitioner must keep up an appearance. He can scarcely ever succeed without a carriage. A wet umbrella and muddy boots bespeak want of ability. Consequently his arrangements for home must be limited to pay for his horse's corn, and carriage wheels; his house, therefore, is like that which you see, in a pantomime, painted on the scene—there are window curtains, blinds, brass cages, and brass plates, labelled "day and night;" but if you were admitted through the door, you would find the same empty void that exists in the aforesaid pantomime house. All this delusion is quite necessary in the every-day world, and he could not rise without it.

Many a young chemist and druggist is forced, for the sake of keeping up appearances, to lavish the whole of his little funds in his shop, in harmless rows of bottles and jars, perfectly innocent of contents, but labelled with names denoting all the horrors of medicine. His inner room, shielded from public gaze by the highly French-polished door and plate glass, is comparatively a den furnished in the most scanty manner, being

"Parlor, kitchen, and all."

But it can't be helped; he must keep up appearances.

In a country town on the north road, a surgeon, who was his own dispenser, was celebrated for his stylish shop, his stylish turn-out, as also the whispered style of his living; for, when patients called, they were shown into a handsomely furnished apartment, the folding doors of which were left ajar. If early in the morning, they had a glimpse of a splendid urn and tea-service, of apparently the most costly kind; or, if late in the day, a table, scrupulously elegant, laid for dinner. The plate and silver covers, with the glistening glass and decanters, promised a kingly repast. This struck them with awe, and gave them a very high idea of the doctor's wealth and ability.

A bluff and honest farmer, who was collector of the rates, found some difficulty in getting a heavy one, just made, from the young doctor; so, one day seeing him alight, he touched him familiarly on the shoulder and followed him in. He was asked politely into the show-room, and was dazzled, as others have been, by the glimpse of the dinner-table. After stating the reason of his call, he said that a gentleman placed as the doctor evidently was, ought really to hold out no example to poorer people to avoid the payment of necessary rates; and that it might militate greatly against him should it become known.

The doctor listened to him with patience; then, with a frank smile, led him into the next room, and begged him to be seated, and take dinner with him. After some short trial at evasion, he consented; and the doctor, with the most undisturbed countenance, raised one of his silver covers before the expectant eyes of the hungry farmer, when a single chop was discovered, flanked by two potatoes. The farmer started aghast; for he had expected to see some rich delicacy under so choice a cover.

"You see," said the young doctor, "that I treat you with frankness. This, and the like, is my

usual dinner. This sherry at my side is innocent of a sea voyage. It is made in my kitchen; it is simple toast and water. To keep out of debt, and to keep up appearances, I am forced to limit my appetites; and I am actually as poor a man at present as there is in the town. With the aid of this outward show my prospects are brightening, but it is sometimes a hard struggle. I show you this, because I know your character, and trust your discretion with my secret; wishing for your good opinion."

After this strange interview, the doctor's gig was often seen bowling down the lane to the farmer's beautiful home, and his tiger had to fetch him late in the evening from his comfortable quarters, more than once; and many wondered where was the charm in the blunt old farmer's conversation for a man of the doctor's erudition and elegance.

Time discovereth all things. He rolled on, and the gossips found that it was the farmer's fair daughter that kept the gig so long at the gate—which eventually brought her home with orange flowers in her bonnet. The old man dined with them, and the covers no longer covered a single mutton chop; and they were never more used for the sake of keeping up appearances.

A fussy old woman in single blessedness, who lived in a large town not many miles from London, and who was celebrated for the brightness of her brass knob and knocker, the polish on her windows, the whiteness of her steps, and the constant beating of her carpets, always received her unexpected visitors with a style and preparation as if they had not been self-invited. The dinner was unexceptionable, and startling as to quantity, when the visitors knew she would have dined alone had they not had the luck to be invited to stop. The large joint and ponderous cheese showed splendid house-keeping; the puddings and tarts were delicious, but very large for such a small establishment, she only keeping two servants—the keeping up of such appearances didn't seem to put her at all out of the way. Nor did it, although her income was small; for an inquisitive friend, one unfortunate day, discovered the secret of all this apparently wasteful luxury. In the absence of her kind entertainer from the room, she stood at the window, which looked out into the busy street, saw her friend's little maid-of-all-work stagger, with a load carefully covered, across the road to the cookshop, and return with the napkin only in her hand, and presently proceed in like manner to the cheesemonger's.

The fatal truth was discovered. The cookshop-keeper weighed his joint, last up, and lent it to the managing housekeeper, who returned it when done with, and paid for the wanting weight. The cheesemonger also lent his most massive cheese in cut, and was paid on its return, for the nibblings; thus she kept up appearances without any waste, and astonished her friends with her house-keeping.

Appearances are everything. A man of genius in a brougham is very differently looked upon from the man of genius in a shabby hat and a split boot; and is paid for his genius accordingly.

A man that would be well with the world must appear to be well with himself. Everybody is eager to patronize one who can apparently patronize in his turn, and to give him a lift who can ride in his own carriage. Consequently the necessity of keeping up appearances.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EUGENE, MARLBOROUGH, FREDERICK, NAPOLEON, AND WELLINGTON.

FIVE generals, by the common consent of men, stand forth preëminent in modern times for the magnitude of the achievements they have effected, and the splendor of the talents they have displayed—Eugene, Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington. It is hard to say which appears the greatest, whether we regard the services they have rendered to their respective countries, or the durable impress their deeds have left on human affairs. All had difficulties the most serious to contend with, obstacles apparently insurmountable to overcome, and all proved in the end victorious over them. All have immortalized their names by exploits far exceeding those recorded of other men. All have left their effects durably imprinted in the subsequent fate of nations. The relative position of the European states, the preservation of public rights, the maintenance of the balance of power, the salvation of the weak from the grasp of the strong, has been mainly owing to their exertions. To their biography is attached not merely the fortune of the countries to which they belonged, but the general destinies of Europe, and through it of the human race.

To give a faithful picture, in a few pages, of such men, may seem a hopeless, and to their merits an invidious task. A brief summary of the chief actions of those of them to ordinary readers least known, is, however, indispensable to lay a foundation for their comparison with those whose deeds are as household words. It is not impossible to convey to those who are familiar with their exploits, a pleasing *résumé* of their leading features, and salient points of difference; to those who are not, to give some idea of the pleasure which their study is calculated to afford. Generals, like poets or painters, have certain leading characteristics which may be traced through all their achievements; a peculiar impress has been communicated by nature to their minds, which appears, not less than on the painter's canvass or in the poet's lines, in all their actions. As much as grandeur of conception distinguishes Homer, tenderness of feeling Virgil, and sublimity of thought Milton, does impetuous daring characterize Eugene, consummate generalship Marlborough, indomitable firmness Frederick, lofty genius Napoleon, unerring wisdom Wellington. Greatness in the military, as in every other art, is to be attained only by strong natural talents, perseveringly directed to one object, undistracted by other pursuits, undivided by inferior ambition. The men who have risen to the highest eminence in war, have done so by the exercise of faculties as great, and the force of genius as transcendent, as that which formed a Homer, a Bacon, or a Newton. Success doubtless commands the admiration of the multitude; military glory captivates the unthinking throng; but to those who know the military art, and can appreciate real merit, the chief ground for admiration of its great masters, is a sense of the difficulties, to most unknown, which they have overcome.

Prince EUGENE, though belonging to the same age, often acting in the same army, and sometimes commanding alternately with Marlborough, was a general of an essentially different character. A descendant of the house of Savoy, born at Paris, in 1663, and originally destined for the church, he early evinced a repugnance for theological studies,

and, instead of his breviary, was devouring in secret Plutarch's lives of ancient heroes. His figure was slender, and his constitution at first weak; but these disadvantages, which caused Louis XIV. to refuse him a regiment, from an opinion that he was not equal to its duties, were soon overcome by the ardor of his mind. Immediately setting out for Vienna, he entered the imperial service; but he was still pursued by the enmity of Louvois, who procured from Louis a decree which pronounced sentence of banishment on all Frenchmen in the armies of foreign powers who should fail to return to their country. "I will reënter France in spite of him," said Eugene; and he was more than once as good as his word. His genius for war was not methodical or scientific like that of Turenne or Marlborough, nor essentially chivalrous like that of the Black Prince or the Great Condé. It was more akin to the terrible sweep of the Tartar chiefs; it savored more of oriental daring. He was as prodigal of the blood of his soldiers as Napoleon; but, unlike him, he never failed to expose his own with equal readiness in the fight. He did not reserve his attack in person for the close of the affray, like the French emperor, but was generally to be seen in the fire from the very outset. It was with difficulty he could be restrained from heading the first assault of grenadiers, or leading on the first charge of horse. His first distinguished command was in Italy, in 1691, and his abilities soon gave his kinsman, the Duke of Savoy, an ascendant there over the French. But it was at the great battle of Zenta, on the Teife, where he surprised and totally defeated Cara-Mustapha, at the head of 120,000 Turks, that his wonderful genius for war first shone forth in its full lustre. He there killed 20,000 of the enemy, drove 10,000 into the river, took their whole artillery and standards, and entirely dispersed their mighty array.

Like Nelson at Copenhagen, Eugene had gained this glorious victory by acting in opposition to his orders, which were positively to avoid a general engagement. This circumstance, joined to the envy excited by his unparalleled triumph, raised a storm at court against the illustrious general, and led to his being deprived of his command, and even threatened with a court-martial. The public voice, however, at Vienna, loudly condemned such base ingratitude towards so great a benefactor to the imperial dominions: the want of his directing eye was speedily felt in the campaign with the Turks, and the emperor was obliged to restore him to his command, which he, however, only agreed to accept on being given *carte blanche* for the conduct of the war. The peace of Carlowitz, in 1699, between the Imperialists and the Ottomans, soon after restored him to a pacific life, and the study of history, in which, above any other, he delighted. But on the breaking out of the war of the succession, in 1701, he was restored to his military duties, and during two campaigns measured his strength, always with success, in the plains of Lombardy, with the scientific abilities of Marshal Catinat, and the learned experience of Marshal Villerot, the latter of whom he made prisoner during a nocturnal attack on Cremona, in 1703. In 1704, he was transferred to the north of the Alps to unite with Marlborough in making head against the great army of Marshal Tallard, which was advancing, in so threatening a manner, through Bavaria; and he shared with the illustrious Englishman the glories of Blenheim, which at once delivered Germany, and hurled the French armies

with disgrace behind the Rhine. Then commenced that steady friendship, and sincere and mutual regard, between these illustrious men, which continued unbroken till the time of their death, and is not the least honorable trait in the character of each. But the want of his protecting arm was long felt in Italy: the great abilities of the Duke de Vendôme had well-nigh counterbalanced there all the advantages of the allies in Germany; and the issue of the war in the plains of Piedmont continued doubtful till the glorious victory of Eugene, on the 7th Sept., 1706, when he stormed the French intrenchments around Turin, defended by eighty thousand men, at the head of thirty thousand only, and totally defeated Marshal Marsin and the Duke of Orleans, with such loss, that the French armies were speedily driven across the Alps.

Eugene was now received in the most flattering manner at Vienna: the lustre of his exploits had put to silence, if not to shame, the malignity of his enemies. "I have but one fault to find with you," said the emperor, when he was first presented to him after his victory, "and that is that you expose yourself too much." He was next placed at the head of the imperial armies in Flanders; and shared with Marlborough in the conduct, as he did in the glories, of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. Intrusted with the command of the corps which besieged Lille, he was penetrated with the utmost admiration for Marshal Boufflers, and evinced the native generosity of his disposition, by the readiness with which he granted the most favorable terms to the illustrious besieged chief, who had with equal skill and valor conducted the defence. When the articles of capitulation proposed by Boufflers were placed before him, he said at once, without looking at them, "I will subscribe them at once; knowing well you would propose nothing unworthy of you and me." The delicacy of his subsequent attentions to his noble prisoner evinced the sincerity of his admiration. When Marlborough's influence at the English court was sensibly declining, in 1711, he repaired to London, and exerted all his talents and address to bring the English council back to the common cause, and restore his great rival to his former ascendancy with Queen Anne. When it was all in vain, and the English armies withdrew from the coalition, Eugene did all that skill and genius could achieve to make up for the great deficiency arising from the withdrawal of Marlborough and his gallant followers; and when it had become apparent that he was overmatched by the French armies, he was the first to counsel his imperial master to conclude peace, which was done at Rastadt on the 6th March, 1714.

Great as had been the services then performed by Eugene for the imperialists, they were outdone by those which he subsequently rendered in the wars with the Turks. In truth it was he who first effectually broke their power, and forever delivered Europe from the sabres of the Osmanlis, by which it had been incessantly threatened for three hundred years. Intrusted with the command of the Austrian army in Hungary, sixty thousand strong, he gained at Peterwardin, in 1716, a complete victory over an hundred and fifty thousand Turks. This glorious success led him to resume the offensive, and in the following year he laid siege, with forty thousand men, to Belgrade, the great frontier fortress of Turkey, in presence of the whole strength of the Ottoman empire. The obstinate resistance of the Turks, as famous then, as they have ever since been, in the defence of fortified places, joined

to the dysenteries and fevers usual on the marshy banks of the Danube in the autumnal months, soon reduced his effective force to twenty-five thousand men, while that of the enemy, by prodigious efforts, had been swelled to an hundred and fifty thousand around the besiegers' lines, besides thirty thousand within the walls. Everything presaged that Eugene was about to undergo the fate of Marshal Marsin twelve years before at Turin, and even his most experienced officers deemed a capitulation the only way of extricating them from their perilous situation. Eugene himself was attacked and seriously weakened by the prevailing dysentery: all seemed lost in the Austrian camp. It was in these circumstances, with this weakened and dispirited force, that he achieved one of the most glorious victories ever gained by the Cross over the Crescent. With admirable skill he collected his little army together, divided it into columns of attack, and though scarcely able to sit on horseback himself, led them to the assault of the Turkish entrenchments. The result was equal to the success of Cæsar over the Gauls at the blockade of Alesia, seventeen centuries before. The innumerable host of the Turks was totally defeated—all their artillery and baggage taken, and their troops entirely dispersed. Belgrade, immediately after, opened its gates, and has since remained, with some mutations of fortune, the great frontier bulwark of Europe against the Turks. The successes which he gained in the following campaign of 1718 were so decisive, that they entirely broke the Ottoman power; and he was preparing to march to Constantinople, when the treaty of Passarowitz put a period to his conquests, and gave a breathing time to the exhausted Ottoman empire.*

From this brief sketch of his exploits, it may readily be understood what was the character of Eugene as a general. He had none of the methodical prudence of Turenne, Marlborough, or Villars. His genius was entirely different; it was more akin to that of Napoleon, when he was reduced to counterbalance inferiority of numbers by superiority of skill. The immortal campaigns of 1796, in Italy, and of 1814, in Champagne, bear a strong resemblance to those of Eugene. Like the French emperor, his strokes were rapid and forcible; his *coup-d'œil* was at once quick and just; his activity indefatigable; his courage undaunted; his resources equal to any undertaking. He did not lay much stress on previous arrangements, and seldom attempted the extensive combinations which enabled Marlborough to command success; but dashed fearlessly on, trusting to his own resources to extricate him out of any difficulty—to his genius, in any circumstances, to command victory. Yet was this daring disposition not without peril. His audacity often bordered on rashness, his rapidity on haste; and he repeatedly brought his armies into situations all but desperate, and which, to a general of lesser capacity, unquestionably would have proved so. Yet in these difficulties no one could exceed him in the energy and vigor with which he extricated himself from the toils; and many of his greatest victories, particularly those of Turin and Belgrade, were gained under circumstances where even the boldest officers in his army had given him over for lost. He was prodigal of the blood of his soldiers, and, like Napoleon, indifferent to the sacrifices at which he purchased his successes; but he was still more lavish of his own, and never

* Biog. Univ. xiii., 482-491, (Eugene.)

failed to share the hardships and dangers of the meanest of his followers. He was engaged in thirteen pitched battles, in all of which he fought like a common soldier. He was in consequence repeatedly, sometimes dangerously, wounded; and it was extraordinary "that his life escaped his reiterated perils." He raised the Austrian monarchy by his triumphs to the very highest pitch of glory, and finally broke the power of the Turks, the most persevering and not the least formidable of its enemies. But the enterprises which his genius prompted the cabinet of Vienna to undertake, were beyond the strength of the hereditary states; and for nearly a century after, it achieved nothing worthy, either of its growing resources, or the military renown which he had spread around its annals.

FREDERICK II., surnamed THE GREAT, with more justice than that title has elsewhere been applied in modern times, was born at Berlin on the 24th January, 1712. His education was as much neglected as ill-directed. Destined from early youth for the military profession, he was in the first instance subjected to a discipline so rigorous, that he conceived the utmost aversion for a career in which he was ultimately to shine with such eclat, and, as his only resource, threw himself with ardor into the study of French literature, for which he retained a strong predilection through the whole of his subsequent life. Unfortunately his education was almost entirely confined to that literature. That of his own country, since so illustrious, had not started into existence. Of Italian and Spanish he was ignorant. He could not read the Greek; and with Latin his acquaintance was so imperfect, as to be of no practical service to him through life. To this unfortunate contraction of his education his limited taste in literature, in subsequent life, is chiefly to be ascribed. He at first was desirous of espousing an English princess; but his father, who was most imperious in his disposition, decided otherwise, and he was compelled, in 1733, to marry the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick. This union, like most others contracted under restraint, proved unfortunate; and it did not give Frederick the blessing of an heir to the throne. Debarred from domestic enjoyments, the young prince took refuge with more eagerness than ever in literary pursuits; the chateau of Rhinsberg, which was his favorite abode, was styled by him in his transport the "Palace of the Muses;" and the greatest general and most hardy soldier of modern times spent some years of his youth in corresponding with Maupertuis, Voltaire, and other French philosophers, and in making indifferent verses and madrigals, which gave no token of any remarkable genius. He had already prepared for the press a book entitled "Refutation of the Prince of Machiavel," when, in 1740, the death of his father called him to the throne, its duties, its dangers, and its ambition.

The philosophers were in transports, when they beheld "one of themselves," as they styled him, elevated to a throne; they flattered themselves that he would continue his literary pursuits, and acknowledge their influence, when surrounded by the attractions, and wielding the patronage of the crown. They soon found their mistake. Frederick continued through life his literary tastes; he corresponded with Voltaire and the philosophers through all his campaigns; he made French verses in his tent, after tracing out the plans of the battles of Leuthen and Rosbach. But his heart was in his

kingdom; his ambition was set on its aggrandizement; his passion was war, by which alone it could be achieved. Without being discarded, the philosophers and madrigals were soon forgotten. The finances and the army occupied his whole attention. The former were in admirable order, and his father had even accumulated a large treasure which remained in the exchequer. The army, admirably equipped and disciplined, already amounted to 60,000 men; he augmented it to 80,000. Nothing could exceed the vigor he displayed in every department, or the unceasing attention he paid to public affairs. Indefatigable day and night, sober and temperate in his habits, he employed even artificial means to augment the time during the day he could devote to business. Finding that he was constitutionally inclined to more sleep than he deemed consistent with the full discharge of all his regal duties, he ordered his servants to waken him at five in the morning; and if words were not effectual to rouse him from his sleep, he commanded them, on pain of dismissal, to apply linen steeped in cold water to his person. This order was punctually executed, even in the depth of winter, till nature was fairly subdued, and the king had gained the time he desired from his slumbers.

It was not long before he had an opportunity of evincing at once the vigor and unscrupulous character of his mind. The Emperor Charles VI. having died on the 20th October, 1740, the immense possessions of the house of Austria devolved to his daughter, since so famous by the name of Maria Theresa. The defenceless condition of the imperial dominions, consisting of so many different and discordant states, some of them but recently united under one head, when under the guidance of a young unmarried princess, suggested to the neighboring powers the idea of a partition. Frederick eagerly united with France in this project. He revived some old and obsolete claims of Prussia to Silesia; but in his manifesto to the European powers, upon invading that province, he was scarcely at the pains to conceal the real motives of his aggression. "It is," said he, "an army ready to take the field, treasures long accumulated, and perhaps the desire to acquire glory." He was not long in winning the battle, though it was at first rather owing to the skill of his generals, and discipline of his soldiers, than his own capacity. On the 10th April, 1741, the army under his command gained a complete victory over the Austrians, at Mollwitz, in Silesia, which led to the entire reduction of that rich and important province. The king owed little to his own courage, however, on this occasion. Lake Wellington, the first essay in arms of so indomitable a hero was unfortunate. He fled from the field of battle, at the first repulse of his cavalry; and he was already seven miles off, where he was resting in a mill, when he received intelligence that his troops had regained the day; and at the earnest entreaties of General, afterwards Marshal Schwerin, he returned to take command of the army. Next year, however, he evinced equal courage and capacity in the battle of Czaslau, which he gained over the Prince of Lorraine. Austria, on the brink of ruin, hastened to disarm the most formidable of her assailants; and, by a separate peace, concluded at Breslau, on June 11, 1742, she ceded to Prussia nearly the whole of Silesia.

This cruel loss, however, was too plainly the result of necessity to be acquiesced in without a struggle by the cabinet of Vienna. Maria Theresa made no secret of her determination to resume pos-

session of the lost province on the first convenient opportunity. Austria soon united the whole of Germany in a league against Frederick, who had no ally but the king of France. Assailed by such a host of enemies, however, the young king was not discouraged, and, boldly assuming the initiative, he gained at Hohenfriedberg a complete victory over his old antagonist the Prince of Lorraine. This triumph was won entirely by the extraordinary genius displayed by the King of Prussia: "It was one of those battles," says the military historian, Guibert, "where a great master makes everything give way before him, and which is gained from the very beginning, because he never gives the enemy time to recover from their disorder." The Austrians made great exertions to repair the consequences of this disaster, and with such success, that in four months Prince Charles of Lorraine again attacked him at the head of 50,000 men near Soor. Frederick had not 25,000, but with these he again defeated the Austrians with immense loss, and took up his winter quarters in Silesia. So vast were the resources, however, of the great German League, of which Austria was the head, that they were enabled to keep the field during winter, and even meditate a *coup-de-main* against the king, in his capital of Berlin. Informed of this design, Frederick lost not a moment in anticipating it by a sudden attack on his part on his enemies. Assembling his troops in the depth of winter with perfect secrecy, he surprised a large body of Saxons at Naumberg, made himself master of their magazines at Górlitz, and soon after made his triumphant entry into Dresden, where he dictated a glorious peace, on 25th December, 1745, to his enemies, which secured, permanently, Silesia to Prussia. It was full time for the imperialists to come to an accommodation. In eighteen months Frederick had defeated them in four pitched battles, besides several combats; taken 45,000 prisoners, and killed or wounded an equal number of his enemies. His own armies had not sustained losses to a fifth part of this amount, and the chasms in his ranks were more than compensated by the multitude of the prisoners who enlisted under his banners, anxious to share the fortunes of the hero who had already filled Europe with his renown.

The ambitious and decided, and, above all, indomitable character of Frederick, had already become conspicuous during these brief campaigns. His correspondence, all conducted by himself, evinced a vigor and *tranchant* style, at that period unknown in European diplomacy, but to which the world has since been abundantly accustomed in the proclamations of Napoleon. Already he spoke on every occasion as the hero and the conqueror—to conquer or die was his invariable maxim. On the eve of his invasion of Saxony, he wrote to the Empress of Russia, who was endeavoring to dissuade him from that design:—"I wish nothing from the King of Poland, (Elector of Saxony) but to punish him in his electorate, and make him sign an acknowledgment of repentance in his capital." During the negotiations for peace, he wrote to the King of England, who had proposed the mediation of Great Britain:—"These are my conditions. I will perish with my army before departing from one iota of them: if the empress does not accept them, I will rise in my demands."

The peace of Dresden lasted ten years; and these were of inestimable importance to Frederick. He employed that precious interval in consolidating his conquests, securing the affections by protecting the

interests of his subjects, and pursuing every design which could conduce to their welfare. Marshes were drained, lands broken up and cultivated, manufactures established, the finances were put in the best order, agriculture, as the great staple of the kingdom, sedulously encouraged. His capital was embellished, and the fame of his exploits attracted the greatest and most celebrated men in Europe. Voltaire, among the rest, became for years his guest; but the aspiring genius and irascible temper of the military monarch could ill accord with the vanity and insatiable thirst for praise in the French author, and they parted with mutual respect, but irretrievable alienation. Meanwhile, the strength of the monarchy was daily increasing under Frederick's wise and provident administration. The population nearly reached 6,000,000 of souls; the cavalry mustered 30,000, all in the highest state of discipline and equipment; and the infantry, esteemed with reason the most perfect in Europe, numbered an hundred and twenty thousand bayonets. These troops had long been accustomed to act together in large bodies; the best training next to actual service in the field which an army can receive. They had need of all their skill, and discipline, and courage, for Prussia was ere long threatened by the most formidable confederacy that ever yet had been directed in modern times against a single state. Austria, Russia, France, Sweden, and Saxony, united in alliance for the purpose of partitioning the Prussian territories. They had ninety millions of men in their dominions, and could with ease bring four hundred thousand men into the field. Prussia had not six million of inhabitants, who were strained to the uttermost to array a hundred and fifty thousand combatants—and even with the aid of England and Hanover, not more than fifty thousand auxiliaries could be relied on. Prussia had neither strong fortresses like Flanders, nor mountain chains like Spain, nor a frontier stream like France. It was chiefly composed of flat plains, unprotected by great rivers, and surrounded on all sides by its enemies. The contest seemed utterly desperate; there did not seem a chance of escape for the Prussian monarchy.

Frederick began the contest by one of those strokes which demonstrated the strength of his understanding and the vigor of his determination. Instead of waiting to be attacked, he carried the war at once into the enemy's territories, and converted the resources of the nearest of them to his own advantage. Having received authentic intelligence of the signature of a treaty for the partition of his kingdom by the great powers, on 9th May, 1756, he suddenly entered the Saxon territories, made himself master of Dresden, and shut up the whole forces of Saxony in the intrenched camp at Pirna. Marshal Brown having advanced at the head of 60,000 men to relieve them, he encountered and totally defeated him at Lowositz, with the loss of 15,000 men. Deprived of all hope of succor, the Saxons in Pirna, after having made vain efforts to escape, were obliged to lay down their arms, 14,000 strong. The whole of Saxony submitted to the victor, who thenceforward, during the whole war, converted its entire resources to his own support. Beyond all question, it was this masterly and successful stroke, in the very outset, and in the teeth of his enemies, adding above a third to his warlike resources, which enabled him subsequently to maintain his ground against the desperate odds by which he was assailed. Most of the Saxons taken at Pirna, dazzled by their conqueror's fame, entered

his service: the Saxon youth hastened in crowds to enrol themselves under the banners of the hero of the north of Germany. Frederick, at the same time, effectually vindicated the step he had taken in the eyes of all Europe, by the publication of the secret treaty of partition, taken in the archives at Dresden, in spite of the efforts of the electress to conceal it. Whatever might have been the case in the former war, when he seized on Silesia, it was apparent to the world, that he now, at least, was strictly in the right, and that his invasion of Saxony was not less justifiable on the score of public morality, than important in its consequences to the great contest in which he was engaged.

The allies made the utmost efforts to regain the advantages they had lost. France, instead of the 24,000 men she was bound to furnish by the treaty of partition, put 100,000 on foot; the Diet of Ratisbon placed 60,000 troops of the empire at the disposal of Austria; but Frederick still preserved the ascendant. Breaking into Bohemia, in March, 1757, he defeated the Austrians in a great battle under the walls of Prague, shut up 40,000 of their best troops in that town, and soon reduced them to such extremities, that it was evident, if not succored, they must surrender. The cabinet of Vienna made the greatest efforts for their relief. Marshal Daun, whose cautious and scientific policy was peculiarly calculated to thwart the designs, and baffle the audacity of his youthful antagonist, advanced at the head of 60,000 men to their relief. Frederick advanced to meet them with less than 20,000 combatants. He attacked the imperialists in a strong position at Kolin, on the 15th July, and, for the first time in his life, met with a bloody defeat. His army, especially that division commanded by his brother, the prince-royal, sustained severe losses in the retreat, which became unavoidable, out of Bohemia; and the king confessed, in his private correspondence, that an honorable death alone remained to him. Disaster accumulated on every side. The English and Hanoverian army, his only allies, capitulated at Closterseven, and left the French army, 70,000 strong, at liberty to follow the Prussians; the French and troops of the empire, with the Duke of Richelieu at their head, menaced Magdeburg, where the royal family of Prussia had taken refuge; and advanced towards Dresden. The Russians, 60,000 strong, were making serious progress on the side of Poland, and had recently defeated the Prussians opposed to them. The king was put to the ban of the empire, and the army of the empire, mustering 40,000, was moving against him. Four huge armies, each stronger than his own, were advancing to crush a prince who could not collect 30,000 men round his banners. At that period he carried a sure poison always with him, determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies. He seriously contemplated suicide, and gave vent to the mournful, but yet heroic, sentiments with which he was inspired, in a letter to Voltaire, terminating with the lines—

Pour moi, menacé de naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi.

Then it was that the astonishing vigor and powers of his mind shone forth with their full lustre. Collecting hastily 25,000 men out of his shattered battalions, he marched against the Prince of Soubise, who, at the head of 60,000 French and troops of the empire, was advancing against him through Thuringia, and totally defeated him, with the loss

of 18,000 men, on the memorable field of Rosbach. Hardly was this triumph achieved, when he was called, with his indefatigable followers, to stem the progress of the Prince of Lorraine and Marshal Daun, who were making the most alarming progress in Silesia. Schweidnitz, its capital, had fallen; a large body of Prussians, under the Duke de Bevern, had been defeated at Breslau. That rich and important province seemed on the point of falling again into the hands of the Austrians, when Frederick reinstated his affairs, which seemed wholly desperate, by one of those astonishing strokes which distinguish him, perhaps, above any general of modern times. In the depth of winter he attacked, at Leuthen, on the 5th December, 1757, Marshal Daun and the Prince of Lorraine,—who had 60,000 admirable troops under their orders,—and, by the skilful application of the *oblique* method of attack, defeated them entirely, with the loss of 30,000 men, of whom 18,000 were prisoners! It was the greatest victory that had been gained in Europe since the battle of Blenheim. Its effects were immense: the Austrians were driven headlong out of Silesia; Schweidnitz was regained; the King of Prussia, pursuing them, carried the war into Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz; and England, awakening, at the voice of Chatham, from its unworthy slumber, refused to ratify the capitulation of Closterseven, resumed the war on the continent with more vigor than ever, and intrusted its direction to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who soon rivalled Turenne in the skill and science of his methodical warfare.

But it was the destiny of the King of Prussia—a destiny which displayed his great qualities in their full lustre—to be perpetually involved in difficulties, from the enormous numerical preponderance of his enemies, or the misfortunes of the lieutenants to whom his subordinate armies were intrusted. Frederick could not be personally present everywhere at the same time; and wherever he was absent, disaster revealed the overwhelming superiority of the force by which he was assailed. The siege of Olmutz, commenced in March, 1758, proved unfortunate. The battering train, at the disposal of the king, was unequal to its reduction, and it became necessary to raise it on the approach of Daun with a formidable Austrian army. During this unsuccessful irruption into the south, the Russians had been making alarming progress in the north-east, where the feeble force opposed to them was well-nigh overwhelmed by their enormous superiority of numbers. Frederick led back the flower of his army from Olmutz, in Moravia, crossed all Silesia and Prussia, and encountered the sturdy barbarians at Zorndorf, defeating them with the loss of 17,000 men, an advantage which delivered the eastern provinces of the monarchy from this formidable invasion; dearly purchased, however, by the sacrifice of 10,000 of his own best soldiers. But, during the king's absence, Prince Henry of Prussia, whom he had left in command of 16,000 men, to keep Marshal Daun in check, was well-nigh overwhelmed by that able commander, who was again at the head of 50,000 combatants. Frederick flew back to his support, and, having joined his brother, took post at Hohenkirchen. The position was unfavorable; the army inferior to the enemy. "If Daun does not attack us here," said Marshal Keith, "he deserves to be hanged." "I hope," answered Frederick, "he will be more afraid of us than the rope." The Austrian veteran, however, saw his advantage, and attacked the Prussians, during the

night, with such skill, that he threw them into momentary confusion, took 150 pieces of cannon, and drove them from their ground, with the loss of 7000 men. Then it was that the courage and genius of the king shone forth with their full lustre. Though grievously wounded in the conflict, and after having seen his best generals fall around him, he rallied his troops at daybreak—formed them in good order behind the village which had been surprised, and led them leisurely to a position a mile from the field of conflict, where he offered battle to the enemy, who did not venture to accept it. Having remained two days in this position to reorganize his troops, he decamped, raised the siege of Niesse, and succeeded in taking up his winter quarters at Breslau, in the very middle of the province he had wrested from the enemy.

The campaign of 1759 was still more perilous to Frederick; but, if possible, it displayed his extraordinary talents in still brighter colors. He began by observing the Austrians, under Daun and the Prince of Lorraine, in Silesia, and reserved his strength to combat the Russians, who were advancing, 80,000 strong, through East Prussia. Frederick attacked them at Cunnersdorf, with 40,000 only, in an entrenched position, guarded by 200 pieces of cannon. The first onset of the Prussians was entirely successful; they forced the front line of the Russian intrenchment, and took 72 pieces of cannon. But the situation of the king was such, pressed on all sides by superior armies, that he could not stop short with ordinary success; and, in the attempt to gain a decisive victory, he had well-nigh lost all. The heroism of his troops was shattered against the strength of the second line of the Russians; a large body of Austrians came up to their support during the battle, and, after having exhausted all the resources of courage and genius, he was driven from the field with the loss of 20,000 men and all his artillery. The Russians lost 18,000 men in this terrible battle, the most bloody which had been fought for centuries in Europe, and were in no condition to follow up their victory. Other misfortunes, however, in appearance overwhelming, succeeded each other. General Schmellau capitulated in Dresden; and General Finck, with 17,000 men, was obliged to lay down his arms in the defiles of the Bohemian mountains. All seemed lost; but the king still persevered, and the victory of Minden enabled Prince Ferdinand to detach 12,000 men to his support. The Prussians nobly stood by their heroic sovereign in the hour of trial; new levies supplied the wide chasms in his ranks. Frederick's great skill averted all future disasters, and the campaign of 1759, the fourth of the war, concluded with the king still in possession of all his dominions in the midst of the enormous forces of his enemies.

The campaign of 1760 began in March by another disaster at Landsheeh, where ten thousand Prussians were cut to pieces, under one of his generals, and the important fortress of Glatz invested by the Austrians. Frederick advanced to relieve it; but soon remeasured his steps to attempt the siege of Dresden. Daun, in his turn, followed him, and obliged the Prussian monarch to raise the siege; and he resumed his march into Silesia, closely followed by three armies, each more numerous than his own, under Laudon, Daun, and Lacey, without their being able to obtain the slightest advantage over him. Laudon, the most active of them, attempted to surprise him; but Frederick was aware of his design, and received the attacking

columns in so masterly a manner, that they were totally defeated, with the loss of 12,000 men. Scarcely had he achieved this victory, when he had to make head against Lacey, withstand Daun, repel an enormous body of Russians, who were advancing through East Prussia, and deliver Berlin, which had been a second time occupied by his enemies. Driven to desperate measures by such an unparalleled succession of dangers, he extricated himself from them by the terrible battle and extraordinary victory of Torgau, on November 3, 1761, in which, after a dreadful struggle, he defeated Daun, though intrenched to the teeth, with the loss of 25,000 men—an advantage dearly purchased by the loss of 18,000 of his own brave soldiers. But this victory saved the Prussian monarchy: Daun, severely wounded in the battle, retired to Vienna; the army withdrew into Bohemia; two thirds of Saxony was regained by the Prussians; the Russians and Swedes retired; Berlin was delivered from the enemy; and the fifth campaign terminated with the unconquerable monarch still in possession of nearly his whole dominions.

The military strength of Prussia was now all but exhausted by the unparalleled and heroic efforts she had made. Frederick has left us the following picture of the state of his kingdom and army at this disastrous period:—"Our condition at that period can only be likened to that of a man riddled with balls, weakened by the loss of blood, and ready to sink under the weight of his sufferings. The noblesse was exhausted, the lower people ruined; numbers of villages burnt, many towns destroyed; an entire anarchy had overturned the whole order and police of government: in a word, desolation was universal. The army was in no better situation. *Seventeen pitched battles* had mowed down the flower of the officers and soldiers; the regiments were broken down and composed in part of deserters and prisoners: order had disappeared and discipline relaxed to such a degree that the old infantry was little better than a body of newly-raised militia." "Necessity, not less than prudence, in these circumstances, which to any other man would have seemed desperate, prescribed a cautious defensive policy; and it is doubtful whether in it his greatness did not appear more conspicuous than in the bolder parts of his former career. The campaign of 1761 passed in skilful marches and counter-marches, without his numerous enemies being able to obtain a single advantage where the king commanded in person. He was now, literally speaking, assailed on all sides: the immense masses of the Austrians and Russians were converging to one point; and Frederick, who could not muster 40,000 men under his banners, found himself assailed by 120,000 allies, whom six campaigns had brought to perfection in the military art. It seemed impossible he could escape: yet he did so, and compelled his enemies to retire without gaining the slightest advantage over him. Taking post in an intrenched camp at Bunzelwitz, fortified with the utmost skill, defended with the utmost vigilance, he succeeded in maintaining himself and providing his troops for two months within cannon-shot of the enormous masses of the Russians and Austrians, till want of provisions obliged them to separate. "It has just come to this," said Frederick, "who will starve first!" He made his enemies do so. Burning with shame, they were forced to retire to their respective territories, so that he was enabled

to take up his winter quarters at Breslau in Silesia. But, during this astonishing struggle, disaster had accumulated in other quarters. His camp at Bunzelwitz had only been maintained by concentrating in it nearly the whole strength of the monarchy, and its more distant provinces suffered severely under the drain. Schweidnitz, the capital of Silesia, was surprised by the Austrians, with its garrison of 4000 men. Prince Henry, after the loss of Dresden, had the utmost difficulty in maintaining himself in the part of Saxony which still remained to the Prussians: in Silesia they had lost all but Glogau, Breslau, and Neiss; and, to complete his misfortune, the dismissal of Lord Chatham from office in England, had led to the stoppage of the wonted subsidy of £750,000 a year. The resolution of the king did not sink, but his judgment almost despaired of success under such a complication of disasters. Determined not to yield, he discovered a conspiracy at his head-quarters, to seize him and deliver him to his enemies. Dreading such a calamity more than death, he carried with him, as formerly in similar circumstances, a sure poison, intended, in the last extremity, to terminate his days.

"Nevertheless," as he himself said, "affairs which seemed desperate, in reality were not so; and perseverance at length surmounted every peril." Fortune often, in real life as well as in romance, favors the brave. In the case of Frederick, however, it would be unjust to say he was favored by fortune. On the contrary, she long proved adverse to him; and he recovered her smiles only by heroically persevering till the ordinary chances of human affairs turned in his favor. He accomplished what in serious cases is the great aim of medicine; he made the patient survive the disease. In the winter of 1761, the Empress of Russia died, and was succeeded by Peter III. That prince had long conceived the most ardent admiration for Frederick, and he manifested it in the most decisive manner on his accession to the throne, by not only withdrawing from the alliance, but uniting his forces with those of Prussia against Austria. This great event speedily changed the face of affairs. The united Prussians and Russians under Frederick, 70,000 strong, retook Schweidnitz in the face of Daun, who had only 60,000 men; and, although the sudden death of the Czar Peter in a few months deprived him of the aid of his powerful neighbors, yet Russia took no further part in the contest. France, exhausted and defeated in every quarter of the globe by England, could render no aid to Austria, upon whom the whole weight of the contest fell. It was soon apparent that she was overmatched by the Prussian hero. Relieved from the load which had so long oppressed him, Frederick vigorously resumed the offensive. Silesia was wholly regained by the king in person: the battle of Freyberg gave his brother, Prince Henry, the ascendant in Saxony; and the cabinet of Vienna, seeing the contest hopeless, were glad to make peace at Hubertsbourg, on 15th February, 1763, on terms which left Silesia and his whole dominions to the king of Prussia.

He entered Berlin in triumph after six years' absence, in an open chariot, with Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick seated by his side. No words can paint the enthusiasm of the spectators at the august spectacle, or the admiration with which they regarded the hero who had filled the world with his renown. It was no wonder they were proud of their sovereign. His like had never been seen in

modern times. He had founded and saved a kingdom. He had conquered Europe in arms. With six millions of subjects he had vanquished powers possessing ninety millions. He had created a new era in the art of war. His people were exhausted, pillaged, ruined; their numbers had declined a tenth during the contest. But what then? They had come victorious out of a struggle unparalleled in modern times: the halo of Leuthen and Rosbach, of Zorndorf and Torgau, played round their bayonets; they were inspired with the energy which so speedily repairs any disaster. Frederick wisely and magnanimously laid aside the sword when he resumed the pacific sceptre. His subsequent reign was almost entirely pacific; all the wounds of war were speedily healed under his sage and beneficent administration. Before his death, his subjects were double, and the national wealth triple what it had been at the commencement of his reign; and Prussia now boasts of sixteen millions of inhabitants, and a population increasing faster in numbers and resources than any other state in Europe.

No labored character, no studied eulogium, can paint Frederick, like this brief and simple narrative of his exploits. It places him at once at the head of modern generals—if Hannibal be excepted, perhaps of ancient and modern. He was not uniformly successful; on the contrary, he sustained several dreadful defeats. But that arose from the enormous superiority of force by which he was assailed, and the desperate state of his affairs, which were generally so pressing, that a respite even in one quarter could be obtained only by a victory instantly gained, under whatever circumstances, in another. What appears rashness was often in him the height of wisdom. He could protract the struggle only by strong and vigorous strokes and the lustre of instant success, and they could not be dealt out without risking receiving as many. The fact of his maintaining the struggle against such desperate odds proves the general wisdom of his policy. No man ever made more skilful use of an anterior line of communication, or flew with such rapidity from one threatened part of his dominions to another. None ever, by the force of skill in tactics and sagacity in strategy, gained such astonishing successes with forces so inferior. And if some generals have committed fewer faults, none were impelled by such desperate circumstances to a hazardous cause, and none had ever so much magnanimity in confessing and explaining them for the benefit of future times.

The only general in modern times who can bear a comparison with Frederick, if the difficulties of his situation are considered, is NAPOLEON. It is a part only of his campaigns, however, which sustains the analogy. There is no resemblance between the mighty conqueror pouring down the valley of the Danube, at the head of 180,000 men, invading Russia with 500,000, or overrunning Spain with 300,000, and Frederick the Great with 30,000 or 40,000, turning every way against quadruple the number of Austrians, French, Swedes, and Russians. Yet a part, and the most brilliant part, of Napoleon's career, bears a close resemblance to that of the Prussian hero. In Lombardy in 1796, in Saxony in 1813, and in the plains of Champagne in 1814, he was upon the whole inferior in force to his opponents, and owed the superiority which he generally enjoyed on the point of attack to the rapidity of his movements, and the skill with which, like Frederick, he availed himself of an anterior line of communication. His immortal campaign in

France, in 1814, in particular, where he bore up with 70,000 men against 250,000 enemies, bears the closest resemblance to those which Frederick sustained for six years against the forces of the coalition. Rapidity of movement, skill in strategy, and the able use of an anterior line of communication, were what enabled both to compensate a prodigious inferiority of force. Both were often to appearance rash, because the affairs of each were so desperate, that nothing could save them but an audacious policy. Both were indomitable in resolution, and preferred ruin and death to sitting down on a dishonored throne. Both were from the outset of the struggle placed in circumstances apparently hopeless, and each succeeded in protracting it solely by his astonishing talent and resolution. The fate of the two was widely different; the one transmitted an honored and aggrandized throne to his successors; the other, overthrown and dis-crowned, terminated his days on the rock of St. Helena. But success is not always the test of real merit; the verdict of ages is often different from the judgment of present times. Hannibal conquered, has left a greater name among men than Scipio victorious. In depth of thought, force of genius, variety of information, and splendor of success, Frederick will bear no comparison with Napoleon. But Frederick's deeds as a general were more extraordinary than those of the French emperor, because he bore up longer against greater odds. It is the highest praise of Napoleon to say, that he did in one campaign—his last and greatest—what Frederick had done in six.

If the campaigns of Eugene and Frederick suggest a comparison with those of Napoleon, those of Marlborough challenge a parallel with those of the other great commander of our day—WELLINGTON. Their political and military situations were in many respects alike. Both combated at the head of the forces of an alliance, composed of dissimilar nations, actuated by separate interests, inflamed by different passions. Both had the utmost difficulty in soothing their jealousies and stifling their selfishness; and both found themselves often more seriously impeded by the allied cabinets in their rear, than by the enemy's forces in their front. Both were the generals of a nation, which, albeit covetous of military glory, and proud of warlike renown, is to the last degree impatient of previous preparation, and frets at the cost of wars, which its political position renders unavoidable, or its ambitious spirit had readily undertaken. Both were compelled to husband the blood of their soldiers, and spare the resources of their governments, from the consciousness that they had already been strained to the uttermost in the cause, and that any further demands would render the war so unpopular as speedily to lead to its termination. The career of both occurred at a time when political passions were strongly roused in their country; when the war in which they were engaged was waged against the inclination, and, in appearance at least, against the interests of a large and powerful party at home, which sympathized from political feeling with their enemies, and were ready to deery every success and magnify every disaster of their own arms, from a secret feeling that their party elevation was identified rather with the successes of the enemy than with those of their own countrymen. The tories were to Marlborough precisely what the whigs were to Wellington. Both were opposed to the armies of the most powerful monarch, led by the most renowned generals, of Europe, whose forces, preponderating over the adjoining states, had come

to threaten the liberties of all Europe, and at length produced a general coalition to restrain the ambition from which so much detriment had already been experienced.

But while in these respects the two British heroes were placed very much in the same circumstances, in other particulars, not less material, their situations were widely different. Marlborough had never any difficulties approaching those which beset Wellington, to struggle with. By great exertions, both on his own part and that of the British and Dutch governments, his force was generally equal to that with which he had to contend. It was often exactly so. War at that period, in the Low Countries at least, consisted chiefly of a single battle during a campaign, followed by the siege of two or three frontier fortresses. The number of strongholds with which the country bristled, rendered any further or more extensive operations, in general, impossible. This state of matters at once rendered success more probable to a general of superior abilities, and made it more easy to repair disaster. No vehement passions had been roused, bringing whole nations into the field, and giving one state, where they had burnt the fiercest, a vast superiority in point of numbers over its more pacific or less excited neighbors. But in all these respects, the circumstances in which Wellington was placed, were not only not parallel—they were contrasted. From first to last, in the Peninsula, he was enormously outnumbered by the enemy. Until the campaign of 1813, when his force in the field was, for the first time, equal to that of the French, the superiority to which he was opposed was so prodigious, that the only surprising thing is, how he was not driven into the sea in the very first encounter.

While the French had never less than 200,000, sometimes as many as 260,000 effective troops at their disposal, after providing for all their garrisons and communications, the English general had never more than 30,000 effective British and 20,000 Portuguese around his standard. The French were directed by the emperor, who, intent on the subjugation of the Peninsula, and wielding the inexhaustible powers of the conscription for the supply of his armies, cared not though he lost 100,000 men, so as he purchased success by their sacrifice in every campaign. Wellington was supported at home by a government, which, raising its soldiers by voluntary enrolment, could with difficulty supply a drain of 15,000 men a year from their ranks, and watched by a party which decried every advantage, and magnified every disaster, in order to induce the entire withdrawal of the troops from the Peninsula. Napoleon sent into Spain a host of veterans trained in fifteen years' combats, who had carried the French standards into every capital of Europe. Wellington led to this encounter troops admirably disciplined, indeed, but almost all unacquainted with actual war, and who had often to learn the rudiments even of the most necessary field operations in presence of the enemy. Marlborough's troops, though heterogeneous and dissimilar, had been trained to their practical duties in the preceding wars under William III., and brought into the field a degree of experience noways inferior to that of their opponents. Whoever weighs with impartiality those different circumstances, cannot avoid arriving at the conclusion that as Wellington's difficulties were incomparably more formidable than Marlborough's, so his merit, in surmounting them, was proportionally greater.

Though similar in many respects, so far as the

general conduct of their campaigns is concerned, from the necessity under which both labored of husbanding the blood of their soldiers, the military qualities of England's two chiefs where essentially different, and each possessed some points in which he was superior to the other. By nature Wellington was more daring than Marlborough, and though soon constrained, by necessity, to adopt a cautious system, he continued, throughout all his career, to incline more to a hazardous policy. The intrepid advance and fight at Assaye; the crossing of the Douro and movement on Talavera in 1809; the advance to Madrid and Burgos in 1812; the actions before Bayonne in 1813; the desperate stand made at Waterloo in 1815—place this beyond a doubt. Marlborough never hazarded so much on the success of a single enterprise: he ever aimed at compassing his objects by skill and combination, rather than risking them on the chance of arms. Wellington was a mixture of Turenne and Eugene; Marlborough was the perfection of the Turenne school alone. No man could fight more ably and gallantly than Marlborough: his talent and rapidity of eye in tactics were, at least, equal to his skill in strategy and previous combination. But he was not partial to such desperate passages at arms, and never resorted to them, but from necessity or the emergency of a happy opportunity for striking a blow. The proof of this is decisive. Marlborough, during ten campaigns, fought only five pitched battles. Wellington in seven fought fifteen, in every one of which he proved victorious.*

Marlborough's consummate generalship, throughout his whole career, kept him out of disaster. It was said, with justice, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor laid siege to a town which he did not take. He took above twenty fortified places of the first order, generally in presence of an enemy's army superior to his own. Wellington's bolder disposition more frequently involved him in peril, and on some occasions caused serious losses to his army; but they were the price at which he purchased his transcendent successes. But Wellington's bolder strategy gained for him advantages which the more circumspect measures of his predecessor never could have attained. Marlborough would never, with scarcely any artillery, have hazarded the attack on Burgos, nor incurred the perilous chances of the retreat from that town; but he never would have delivered the south of the Peninsula in a single campaign, by throwing himself, with 40,000 men, upon the communications, in the north, of 200,000. It is hard to say which was the greater general, if their merits in the field alone are considered; but Wellington's successes were the more vital to his country, for they delivered it from the greater peril; and they were more honorable to himself, for they were achieved against greater odds. And his fame, in future times, will be proportionally brighter; for the final overthrow of Napoleon, and destruction of the revolutionary power, in a single battle, present an object of surpassing interest, to which there is nothing in history, perhaps, parallel, and which, to the latest generation, will fascinate the minds of men.

The examination of the comparative merits of these two illustrious generals, and the enumeration of the names of their glorious triumphs, suggests

* Viz., Vimiera, the Douro, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onore, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, the Bidassoa, the Nive, the Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo.

one reflection of a very peculiar kind. That England is a maritime power, that the spirit of her inhabitants is essentially nautical, and that the sea is the element on which her power has chiefly been developed, need be told to none who reflect on the magnitude of her present colonial empire, and how long she has wielded the empire of the waves. The French are the first to tell us that her strength is confined to that element; that she is, at land, only a third-rate power; and that the military career does not suit the genius of her people. How, then, has it happened that England, the nautical power, and little inured to land operations, has inflicted greater wounds upon France by *military* success, than any other power, and that in almost all the pitched battles which the two nations have fought, during five centuries, the English have proved victorious? That England's military force is absorbed in the defence of a colonial empire which encircles the earth, is indeed certain, and, in every age, the impatience of taxation in her people has starved down her establishment, during peace, to so low a point, as rendered the occurrence of disaster, in the first years consequent on the breaking out of war, a matter of certainty; while the military spirit of its neighbors has kept theirs at the level which ensures early success. Yet with all these disadvantages, and with a population which, down to the close of the last war, was little more than half that of France, she has inflicted far greater *land* disasters on her redoubtable neighbor than all the military monarchies of Europe put together.

English armies, for 120 years, ravaged France: they have twice taken its capital; an English king was crowned at Paris; a French king rode captive through London; a French emperor died in English captivity, and his remains were surrendered by English generosity. Twice the English horse marched from Calais to the Pyrenees; the monuments of Napoleon in the French capital at this moment, owe their preservation from German revenge to an English general. All the great disasters and days of mourning for France, since the battle of Hastings—Tenchebray, Cressy, Poitiers, Azincour, Verneuil, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Minden, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, the Pyrenees, Waterloo—were all gained by English generals, and won, for the most part, by English soldiers. Even at Fontenoy, the greatest victory over England of which France can boast since Hastings, every regiment in the French army was, on their own admission, routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely by want of support on the part of the Dutch and Austrians. No coalition against France has ever been successful, in which England did not take a prominent part; none, in the end, failed of gaining its objects, in which she stood foremost in the fight. This fact is so apparent on the surface of history, that it is admitted by the ablest French historians, though they profess themselves unable to explain it.

Is it that there is a degree of hardihood and courage in the Anglo-Saxon race which renders them, without the benefit of previous experience in war, adequate to the conquest, on land, even of the most warlike continental military nations? Is it that the quality of dogged resolution, determination not to be conquered, is of such value in war, that it compensates almost any degree of inferiority in the practical acquaintance with war? Is it that the north brings forth a bolder race of men than the

south, and that other things being equal, the people in a more rigorous climate will vanquish those in a more genial! Is it that the free spirit which, in every age, has distinguished the English people, has communicated a degree of vigor and resolution to their warlike operations, which has rendered them so often victorious in land fights, albeit nautical and commercial in their ideas, over their military neighbors? Or is it, that this courage in war, and this vigor in peace, and this passion for freedom at all times, arise from and are but symptoms of an ardent and aspiring disposition, imprinted by Nature on the races to whom was destined the dominion of half the globe? Experience has not yet determined to which of these causes this most extraordinary fact has been owing; but it is one upon which our military neighbors, and especially the French, would do well to ponder, now that the population of the British isles will, on the next census, be *thirty millions*. If England has done such things in continental warfare, with an army which never brought fifty thousand native British sabres and bayonets into the field, what would be the result if national distress or necessities, or a change in the objects of general desire, were to send two hundred thousand!

Supernaturalism of New-England. By J. G. WHITTIER. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. Pp. 71.

This is one of those charming volumes with which Whittier occasionally relieves the sterner duties of the man who knows

Life all too earnest and its time too short
For dreamy ease and fancy's graceful sport.

This little book is the expansion of an article which appeared some time since in the Democratic Review. It is not a philosophical analysis, but the essay of a Poet; yet there is a dash of philosophy in it, as there is in all from that intense yet gentle pen. The following exquisite little piece is the Dedication to the Poet's Sister:

DEAR SISTER!—while the wise and sage
Turn coldly from my playful page,
And count it strange that ripened age
Should stoop to boyhood's folly;
I know that thou wilt judge aright
Of all which makes the heart more light,
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!—
Swing wide the moon-lit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear-discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's white-washed wall and painted floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of faery folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again,
And, calling back from care and pain,
And Death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning,
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen at Life's noon-day chime
For the sweet bells of Morning!

Tribune.

SAXON WORDS.*

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

OLD Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are
round us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music
all your own;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remem-
brance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar
things.

Yours are the *hills*, the *fields*, the *woods*, the *orchards*,
and the *streams*,
The *meadows* and the *bowers* that bask in the sun's
rejoicing beams;
Mid them our childhood's years were kept, our child-
hood's thoughts were reared,
And by your household tones its joys were evermore
endeared.

We have roamed since then where the myrtle bloom'd
in its own unclouded realms—
But our hearts returned with changeless love to the
brave old Saxon *elms*;
Where the laurel o'er its native streams of a death-
less glory spoke—
But we passed with pride to the later fame of the
sturdy Saxon *oak*.

We have marvelled at those mighty piles on the old
Egyptian plains,
And our souls have thrilled to the loveliness of the
lovely Grecian fanes;
We have lingered o'er the wreck of Rome, with its
classic memories crowned—
But these touched us not as the mouldering walls
with the Saxon *ivy* bound.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words! they bear us
back with pride
To the days when Alfred ruled the land by the laws
of Him that died;
When in one spirit, truly good and truly great, was
shown
What earth has owed, and still must owe, to such as
him alone.

There are tongues of other lands that flow with a
softer, smoother grace,
But the old rough Saxon words will keep in our hearts
their own true place;
Our household hearths, our household graves, our
household smiles and tears,
Are guarded, hallowed, shrined by them—the kind,
fast friends of years.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are
round us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music
all your own;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remem-
brance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar
things.

People's Journal.

* Most of our domestic words—words expressive of
objects which daily attract our attention—are from the
Saxon. Of the sixty-nine words which comprise the
Lord's prayer, only five are not Saxon.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Life and Correspondence of David Hume. From the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other Original Sources. By JOHN HILL BURTON, Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1846.

DAVID HUME was born at Edinburgh in 1711; and died there in 1776. It is worth while to stop for a moment, and recollect what was the state of Scotland at the two periods.

Scotland had been singularly late in cultivating the arts of peace—literature among the rest. In 1711 she was just entering on her new existence. Up to the union of the two crowns, her history is little better than a chronicle of factious outbreaks and ferocious daring; which other parents, as well as Arnold, may often have been unwilling to let their children read—lest the only tales the grandfathers of Scotland had to tell, should give them too bad an opinion of human nature. Buchanan was her only scholar of note—though she had vernacular poets of no mean mark, in Gawin Douglas, Dunbar, and Sir David Lindsay. The grounds upon which Hume himself finally decided against the authenticity of the *Poems of Ossian* was, the impossibility of any man of sense imagining that they should have been orally preserved, “during fifty generations, by the rudest, perhaps, of all European nations; the most necessitous, the most turbulent, and the most unsettled.” The hundred years which divides the union of the two crowns and that of the two kingdoms, brought with them only a change, or an aggravation, of miseries. Scotland was then no place for a man of letters—or humanity. The provincial government of the Stuarts proved as intolerable to Leighton as to Burnet. Leighton at last threw up his bishopric in despair, and withdrew to England; after having declared that he could not concur in planting the Christian religion itself, by such instruments; much less a form of church government.

Such was the inheritance to which the eighteenth century succeeded. Andrew Fletcher, a classical republican, (of the Virginian and Carolinian caste,) was for reducing the body of the people into slavery, as an indispensable foundation for better times. Instead of this administrative experiment, political necessities gave us, providentially, a union of the two kingdoms. The social advantages which have followed in its train, were probably little thought of at the time: But as soon as Scotland had become an integral part of the British empire, she appears to have at once discovered her latent capabilities and powers; and to have perceived that the *perferendum ingenium Sclotorum* (their ancient character) might carry them as far in the arts of peace as in those of war. In spite of two Jacobite rebellions, and of the occasional longings, more national than patriotic, of a few impracticable politicians, for a separate parliament, Scotland sprang ahead. During the following century, she not only got far in advance of Ireland, (which lagged behind, swamped in claret and jobbing,) but turned all the great elements of civilization to as fortunate an account as England herself. Hume, when a child, might have gazed, as it spread its sails for its first voyage, on the first Clyde-built vessel ever sent across the Atlantic by Glasgow merchants. But before his death, Glasgow had become one of the first commercial cities in the empire; and a second capital was rising at Edinburgh, to which Hume invited his friends to come and see him, in “our new town,”

and challenged a comparison with anything they had seen in any part of the world. An improving agriculture, a rapidly extending trade, and good parochial schools, were converting the self-population of Andrew Fletcher into useful citizens. Under the encouragement of men like Lord Kames and Oswald, (both of them Hume's intimate friends,) the progress of agriculture and trade was watched and aided by the higher intelligence of the country; while a literary circle, of which Hume was the centre figure, made the period they adorned the Augustan age of Scotland.

A slight set-off, for a time, is not at all inconsistent with these immense advantages. The air and manners of its now untravelled gentry may have fallen off a little—something of the sort is said to have been observed by Marshal Keith on his return to Scotland: But the breeding which he missed had been all exotic—as foreign as the scholarship of Buchanan—and had taken as little root. The cultivation which now replaced it was striking deep; being native to the soil—in kind, in training and in growth. Those natural developments and growths, which are the greatest of all social revolutions, are seldom noticed until they are accomplished. The corn-fields and gardens of the south did not, for long, expect to be put in charge of Scotch bailiffs and Scotch gardeners: And English scholars were scarcely less surprised when they were sent to metaphysicians, historians, and political economists, born and bred in Scotland—to learn from them the laws which regulate thought, and politics, and the wealth of nations. Thomson and Smollet had done a little—the one by his imagination, the other by his humor—towards warming and enlivening the dulness of the reigns of the two first Georges: But even, after Hume and Robertson and Adam Smith had drawn upon themselves the eyes of Europe, and Gibbon had borne testimony to the splendor of their light, ancient prejudices were slowly overcome. Johnson had the courage to persist in the faith in which he had been brought up; and died maintaining that Scotland had produced no man of genius except Buchanan. In due time came the Scotch Novels, and carried everything before them: Yet the author of the *Man of Feeling* still hesitated to trouble the great British public about the author of *Douglas*, and about the men of letters with whom the Scottish dramatist had lived. In consequence, however, of being assured that the literature of his country was attracting some attention in the south, and that its details might be interesting to English readers, Mackenzie timidly ventured to publish his life of John Home, in 1822. At so late a day, himself one of the patriarchs of our polite literature, he was able to tender himself to another generation, as a witness “who had known it almost from its first dawning.”

The Scotch, in the mean time, it must be owned, cannot be reasonably charged with overlooking the merits of their countrymen, alive or dead. Among the contemporaries and compatriots of David Hume, sundry names, once more or less distinguished, are obscuring or obscured; but none through want of a biographer. There are lives of Hutcheson, Leechman, and Oswald; lives of the two Homes, lives of Blair and Beattie, as well as of Reid, of Robertson, and of Adam Smith. The three last biographies were grateful commemorations, by Dugald Stewart, of the masters at whose feet he had almost sat. In all justice, their literary history should have been accompanied by that of Hume; for

Hume was some ten or twelve years senior to Robertson and Smith. As an author he was older still. Without saying that he was their teacher in history and political economy, he was something more than simply their predecessor. Hume; it is true, was a year younger than Reid; but we know, on Reid's own authority, that it was as pupil in the metaphysical school of Hume, that he had first learned to dispute the principles which he was studying, and to try conclusions with their author. To the *Treatise on Human Nature* we owe the *Enquiry into the Human Mind*.

Two causes will perhaps explain why Dugald Stewart abstained from undertaking the life of Hume. Of these, one would be the difficulty of the subject. The times in which he drew up his biographies, were awkward times;—so much so, that he did not venture in them to speak his mind fully and freely, on the much simpler case of Adam Smith. The other cause, however, was of itself sufficient. Hume's nephew and namesake, afterwards Baron Hume, had possession of his uncle's papers. It would have been absurd to write the life without them. And Baron Hume (timorous and jealous) might have refused the use of them to a philosopher and a whig.

Along with his name, (which he had no doubt would bring him friends and credit, if his father would only let him wear it without disguise,) Hume had left his nephew an embarrassing bequest; this was the "Dialogues on Natural Religion." As far back as 1753, he had been prevailed upon, though with some difficulty, by Sir Gilbert Elliot, to suppress them. "Is it not hard and tyrannical in you, (he remonstrated,) more hard and tyrannical than any act of the Stuarts, not to allow me to publish my Dialogues?" His testamentary injunction, directing their publication, was declined by Adam Smith: But it was too peremptory not to be obeyed by a kinsman, whom he had in some measure adopted. The publication produced at the time (as we learn from Beattie) a strong sensation: And, satisfied with obedience in this instance, the nephew appears to have resolved to commit himself personally no further. He was laudably careful, however, to preserve his uncle's manuscripts, and whatever correspondence he could recover. The entire collection he left, at his death, to the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and, the council of the society placed it in the hands of Mr. Burton. These materials were indispensable to a Life of Hume. No former biographer had had access to them; and it is highly improbable that any addition will ever now be made to them. They have been invaluable to Mr. Burton; and have enabled him to gratify a literary ambition which he had long cherished. By their means, he has presented us with a much more complete picture of Hume, than Dugald Stewart had it in his power to give us of Reid, Robertson, or Smith. From the industry, the good sense, and good feeling, which the present biography displays, the council, we are persuaded, will not repent their choice.

The really important part of these Hume papers is the correspondence. It consists of upwards of five hundred letters. Those written by Hume are interwoven into the present narrative; those written to him, or a selection from them, are to be published in a separate volume. It is not universally true, that a man's letters give a good idea of his conversation. For instance, the few letters we have of Samuel Johnson, are as unlike his conversation as his more formal writings were, and are as much

below it. But there are many persons whose letters are just their written conversation; and such, evidently, are Hume's. They answer completely to Adam Smith's account of that constant pleasantries—that genuine effusion of good nature and good humor, of which his friends were frequently the object, and which, they all agreed, contributed to endear his society to them fully as much as any of his great and amiable qualities. Hume's conversation, whether spoken or written, lay far beyond the range of Swift's national reflection on the matter-of-fact narrations which, he said, he had observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation—"who think, they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with a kind of discourse, which, were it not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable." A Scotchman's letters must necessarily trust entirely for relief, to the first half of the peculiar graces here assigned to him. But none of these will be found in Hume—he has more Gallicisms than Scotticisms—and yet his letters are most agreeable. Among them, those which would have been read with the greatest interest are almost all missing. We mean his correspondence with Robertson. Should over-zealous friends have put it out of the way, in the foolish hope of destroying evidence of an intimacy the thought of which annoyed them, they plainly ran into a far greater peril—by destroying the best and most natural contradiction of unfounded rumors on the nature of their correspondence. Dr. Hill, when he wrote the life of Blair, believed that Hume's correspondence with Blair had shared the same fate; fortunately this was not the case. It had been lodged by Blair himself in the nephew's hands; and fuller demonstration cannot be desired, that in order to live with Hume and to love him, it was not necessary to agree with him in opinion. There exists, we believe, among the Hume papers, the letter, with which Blair accompanied the delivery over to Baron Hume of the letters in his possession. Unless we have been greatly misinformed, it bears testimony to the character of Hume, in language almost as glowing as the celebrated letter of Adam Smith to Strahan. Mr. Burton will surely let us see this letter in his promised volume. Bishop Horne put in a protest, on behalf of the people calling themselves Christians against the testimony of Adam Smith. We should like to see how much of it can apply to the testimony of Blair.

David Hume was the youngest son of a small Border Laird, (Hume or Hume,) of Ninewells, in Berwickshire. They were (of course) connected, though they had to go back for their branching off to the reigns of Henry Vth or VIth, with the Earls of Home. He was an infant at the death of his father; but he appears to have set up betimes for the character under which he afterwards described himself—that of a "friend to doubts, disputes, and novelties;" since his patronymic had no sooner come into his hands, than he chose to, what he called, restore its ancient spelling. His friends, Henry Home, and his cousin John, both stood out; he failed to bring over to his side even his own elder brother. Still he persevered to the last; expressed as much astonishment as the twelfth man on a jury with the obstinacy of his fellows, and was predetermined, at the worst, to found his family anew. A lucky house—whose family differences were to wear no graver form than a controversy about their name! It was a controversy, however,

as much after Hume's heart as that of the more famous nominalists. His playful nature made the most of it; and kept turning the coat of the ancient jest long after it was threadbare, through an endless variety of shapes and colors, to his dying day.

More serious questions, and which could less afford to wait, wanted settling even sooner. The questions were nothing less than, what was to be his course of education; and what his profession and means of living. A father is sometimes sadly missed, as adviser and controller, in the case even of a studious and reflective son. It was so here. After his removal, the family consisted of a mother, a sister, and an elder brother. The brother is said to have been a great rural economist; and one of the earliest Scotch improvers. It is mentioned as one of his peculiarities, (few landlords, we fear, will now think it looks like being a great improver,) that he was unwilling to raise his rents. The singular merit of their mother has been gratefully recorded by her historian son: Young and handsome, she devoted herself entirely to rearing and educating her children. Hume loved to think that, if she had but lived, he might never have had any other home than Ninewells; and we are told of the agony of tears, (among the few tears the philosopher ever shed,) in which one of his friends surprised him, when, on his return from Italy, he met, in London, the news of that mother's death! Of the sister little more is said, than that they joined together their humble means on removing from Ninewells to Edinburgh; that she had £30 a year; and that she brought to the husbanding of their common stock a frugality and a contentment equal to his own.

There is nobody in this small household likely to have possessed much influence over the studies of an aspiring boy. The early course of education, which, he says, he passed through with success, before he took to literature on its own account, must have been wonderfully immature, as far as regards external training, according to present notions. All that can be ascertained of it, is furnished by the simple entry of the name of "David Hume," in the matriculation book of the University of Edinburgh, February, 1723, in the Greek class. He was then not quite twelve years old. Nothing more is known of his intellectual discipline or habits, either at this period, or for the next ten years, beyond what he has introduced into the strange hypochondriacal account of himself, on which, in the year 1734, he appears to have consulted Dr. Cheyne. This, however, abundantly shows that things were much in his own hands; and that he had soon begun, in all senses of the word, to be his own master. "Our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age. I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry, and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me

a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made, me, with an ardent natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business, to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world, but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months; till at last all my ardor seemed in a moment to be extinguished."

He imagined this to be laziness, and read the harder. Another particular contributed to disturb him. He undertook the improvement of his temper and will, along with that of his reason and understanding. His spirits sank lower and lower. He sought for refuge in peevish reflections on the vanity of the world, and of all human glory—sentiments which he found could never be sincere, except in those who were already in possession of the honors they despised. He was told that he had the disease of the learned! Poor relief for an ambitious scholar—that, while he had been collecting the rude materials of many volumes, he had incapacitated himself from putting them into words and order! "I lost," he says, "all hope of delivering my opinions with such elegance as would draw to me the attention of the world; and I would rather live and die in obscurity, than produce them maimed and imperfect." Such were his meditations and proceedings up to twenty-three.

Can there be a more perfect picture of a visionary student left to his own mismanagement! His family, on both sides, had of late been connected with the law. It may probably be true, that he was as little fitted for the contentions of the bar, as for moss-trooping with his forefathers on a border foray: But for a lad of seventeen, who had his bread to get by his wits, to have thrown away his law books in disgust, because he had not found the first few pages of Voet and Vinnius pleasant reading, was to take a childish and perverse advantage of his unlucky independence. It was doing all that was in his power to keep up the vulgar contradiction between genius and common sense—to ruin himself, and mortify his friends.

But the penalty of self-pleasing was not long delayed. Solitude, over-excitement, and over-reading brought on a violent reaction. After struggling in vain against it for three or four years, change of scene became absolutely necessary. The form in which the experiment was tried, appeared to combine the advantage of employment with the chance of a provision. He tore himself from his books and Ninewells; and, now twenty-three years old, found himself, to his own no small surprise, clerk or shopman to a considerable Bristol trader! He arrived there a confirmed valetudinarian, out of health and out of spirits. If his employer could have looked into his mind, he would have seen in it as little hope of making a man of business of him, as could possibly be foreshadowed in his appearance—since we know from himself that he went to Bristol, resolved "not to quit his pretensions to learning, but with his last breath—willing, however, to lay them aside for some time, in order more effectually to resume them." But this is not the way in which merchants are made, any more than lawyers. If the fastidious student did ever betake himself to the literature of the ledger, he soon abjured it, as even more intolerable than the literature of the law. He cultivated it at most only a few months—just long enough for a tradi-

tion, that some happy customer lived to remember having been served by the great historian, from behind a Bristol counter, with a pair of gloves! Some of the readers of his History may probably recollect his description of the entry of Nayler the Quaker into Bristol, as Jesus Christ; and, how the poor enthusiast entered upon horseback, instead of on an ass, "probably from the difficulty of finding an ass in that city!" It is difficult to suppose that this incongruous impertinence can have honestly found its way into a grave historical composition: But, after reading his letters, we can enter into his malicious pleasure in avenging, in a parenthesis, the indignities of his youth. It is quite in character with the satisfaction, which he avowedly felt, in making every revision of his History of England a fresh occasion for punishing "the villainous whigs," for the slight which they had put upon his History of the Stuarts.

The singular letter, from which we have quoted a few paragraphs, is all that we know of the youth of Hume. It was written in the despondency of a long illness, and shows his mind in its weakness more than in its strength. Still, though morbid, it is characteristic. We cannot help, as we pass on, recalling another and a very different letter, which represents, also, the feelings of its writer at exactly the same age. The original of this other letter is in Trinity College, Cambridge. It is Milton's answer to an admonition of a friend who had been warning him that the hours of the night were passing on; (for such, said the poet, he might call his life, as yet obscure and unserviceable to mankind;) and that he was giving up himself "to dream away his years in the arms of studious retirement, like Endymion with the moon, as the tale of Latmos goes." In phraseology which Hume undoubtedly would have regarded well fitted to the sentiments, Milton proceeds to a solemn disclaimer of the endless delight of speculation, "weighed against that great commandment in the gospel, set out by the terrible seizing of him that hid the talent." He was, however, something suspicious of himself, and had taken notice of a certain belatedness in his manhood; he made bold, therefore, to sanctify the latter "with some of his nightward thoughts," and he sent along with it to his friend the reverential dedication of his future life, offered up in those immortal verses:—

"How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!"

Notwithstanding the protection of the "great taskmaster's eye," so violent were Milton's prejudices, that had he been the historian of the Stuarts, he would have sinned against truth as much, perhaps, as Hume—only not as wilfully. But, judging of their respective characters, we see nothing in their after lives, to belie the spirit which spoke thus early in these two letters. To our ear, the voice we catch in Milton's musings is of a far higher mood; though Johnson would certainly be equally contemptuous at the thought of making a hero out of either.

But to proceed with our narrative. Before the year was out, Hume had broken away from the servile oar; crossed the channel, and hid himself in France. He took "the rude materials" of his new philosophy along with him; and remained there for three years, principally at La Flèche; having little enough to live upon, except his metaphysics and his dreams of fame. He had now deliberately chosen literature as his profession; and was resolved

not to show himself again among his old acquaintance, until he should have done something towards justifying his choice. On his return to London, in 1737, with the *Treatise on Human Nature*, ready for the press, he told Henry Home that he had a great inclination to go down to Scotland to see his friends, and have their advice concerning his philosophical discoveries; "but I cannot overcome a certain shamefacedness I have, to appear among you, at my years, without having yet a settlement, or so much as attempted any. How happens it, that we philosophers cannot as heartily despise the world, as the world despises us?" To talk of philosophy on this occasion, is to take its name in vain. Hume was not long in learning, that the world was in the right; and that he should never have left an honest home, at his tender years, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, to attack windmills—or the tower of Babel. From the language in which he afterwards dissuaded Gilbert Stewart against "going out of the common track," he might be suspected of having passed over to the opposite extreme.

A terrible disappointment was now at hand. To understand from what a visionary height he had to fall, we must think how long he had been living alone among his own transported thoughts, and how high he had been accustoming his hopes to soar. Philosophy was a subject, which, at sixteen, he was already much thinking upon, and upon which he tells his boyish correspondent, that he could talk to him all day long. From his letter to Dr. Cheyne, when yet only eighteen, views of his own had got entire possession of him; and, by the time he was three-and-twenty, he had made considerable progress in developing them. At this early age he resolved to make human nature his principal study, and the source from which he was to derive every truth, in criticism as well as morality. "I believe," he says, "it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us, have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius; and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study, than to throw off all prejudices, either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least, this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions."

His residence at La Flèche must have encouraged him in his enterprise, by the glory of Des Cartes' name, and, perhaps, by reminding him of the resemblance in their age and projects. The French philosopher, however, postponed to future years the application of his methods. Unfortunately, Hume's impatience, presumption, or necessities, hurried him to the press. A capital mistake; which made the recovery from former mistakes still more difficult; and which, the longer he lived, he only the more regretted. Alas! for all whose winged intellect, buoyant and proudly feathered, lifts them from the nest, and carries them abroad, before nature, even the rest of their own nature, is ready for the flight!

Of the many forms which adventure, project, and speculation take, none is more above advice and fears, than that of the youthful author. Hume came from his abstractions to the realities of life—and to John Noone of Cheapside, bookseller—as one from Fairyland or Cloudland. He informs his friend Michael Ramsay, on his arrival, "that he

would not aim at anything, until he could judge of his success in his grand undertaking, and see upon what footing he was to stand in the world." As the hour of publication approached, his tranquillity became disturbed "by the nearness and greatness" of the event. The *Treatise on Human Nature*, was born into the world in February, 1739. The world went on as before notwithstanding. No comet welcomed it from the sky; no howl even from the Warburtonian kennel. He sent a copy to Bishop Butler: but it was not a child which any bishop (even a Butler or a Berkeley) could safely acknowledge. The awful and unnatural stillness of London seems to have alarmed him; and he thought it best to await the result at a distance. During the fortnight that contrary winds kept the Berwick ships from sailing, he had time to summon to his defence the comforting reflection, that, if the success of his philosophical discoveries should be long doubtful, the very greatness of them might be the cause! "My principles (he wrote to Henry Home, by way of preparing him) are so remote from all the vulgar sentiments on the subject, that, were they to take place, they would produce an almost total alteration in philosophy; and you know revolutions of this kind are not easily brought about." Six months later brought him word, that the heir of all these hopes had been all along still-born; had been never heard even to cry! He appears to have submitted to the intelligence much more graciously than he afterwards put up with lighter mortifications. He humbly confessed, that his fondness, for what he imagined to be new discoveries, had made him overlook all common rules of prudence: And so he returned to nestle under his mother's wing at Ninewells; and set about turning his mind to other projects, in the assurance that there is a harbor of refuge with posterity, for all unsuccessful truths.

Youth was now over, and the severe student had passed into the ranks of unsuccessful authors: Not, however, to be so put down, and quietly disappear in that interminable crowd. The philosophical reformer continued to believe in his revolutionary doctrines. He was not likely therefore to surrender his confidence in his own capacity, to the ignorance or indifference of any existing public. The second five-and-twenty years, upon which we are about to enter, were almost entirely years of authorship. Reducing his pretensions only a little lower than his original ambition, he bestowed the first half of the remainder of his literary life upon completing and recasting his *Treatise*; and upon some most original investigations of many of the finest questions relating to society and politics—the last half of it upon English history.

He returned to Ninewells, with his disappointment, in 1739. He was now twenty-seven years old; and was soon busy over other literary projects, with the view both of diversifying his studies and trying anew the public taste. The first fruits of this experiment was a small volume of miscellaneous essays, "moral and political," which was published in Edinburgh in 1741. They were so favorably received, that a second volume, and a second edition of the first volume, came out the following year. In 1748, there was a third edition of the whole. Hume heard, that Bishop Butler went about everywhere, recommending the first volume, as soon as it came out. This must have been an occasion, discreetly taken by the author of the "Sermons on Human Nature," for encouraging indirectly the author of the "Treatise." For he must have

been a prophet rather than a critic, who could have then foreseen what that volume was destined to become. Eight of these early essays were afterwards weeded out; of which one, upon love and marriage, was meant to be gallant and Addisonian: But unless his conversation had been in a very different tone, he never could have boasted that he had been always fond of the society of modest women, and always favorably received. By successive revisings and enlargings, these two volumes grew into the first part of that delightful book, "Essays, Moral, Literary, and Political," the only one of his works so instantaneously triumphant, as to answer his own exorbitant idea of success. They are indeed perfect specimens of this species of composition. Adam Smith's first lectures had been delivered in 1748; but the "Wealth of Nations" was not published till 1776—only just in time for Hume to read and admire it, in his last illness.* No previously existing work can have contributed so much towards the "Wealth of Nations" as the "Political Discourses." And Adam Smith must have taken a most austere view of the moral duty of a dedication, when he did not allow either this consideration, or personal affection, to make up for some differences of opinion. But he considered the system of the French economists to be the nearest approximation to the truth yet published; and he told Dugald Stewart that if Quesnay had been alive, he should have dedicated the "Wealth of Nations" to him. Hume certainly would have looked for another patron: Since, in a letter to the Abbé Morellet, (1769,) he calls on him to thunder on the economists—"Crush them, and pound them, and reduce them to dust and ashes. They are the set of men the most chimerical and most arrogant that now exist—since the annihilation of the Sorbonne."

The "Discourses" were translated immediately into French: And his translator writes him word that they were read like a romance; and that nothing which had been published, since the *Esprit des Loix*, had produced so great a sensation. To this period, also, must be referred the composition of the "Dialogue on Natural Religion." It was a posthumous publication; but the manuscript had been submitted to Sir Gilbert Elliot in 1751. Writings of this kind are now so little read, that it is scarcely worth while saying, that, in point of ability, it is at least equal to anything Hume ever wrote; and superior, perhaps, in point of composition. Hume was an author to the backbone. The few pages, which he calls "*my own life*," are little else than a list of his writings, and an account of his own impression of the manner in which the public had received them. To that statement, and to Mr. Burton, we must refer our readers; observing only that the speculations, on which for ten or twelve years he was chiefly occupied, have formed an era in more than one science.

* It is interesting to read in this deathbed acknowledgment the kindly summons addressed to its author, to repair to his fireside—"where," he says, "he would dispute with him some of his principles." It is singular, too, that one of the heads which he proposes to discuss, should not have induced Smith to make a little alteration in the language in which he has spoken of the component parts of price, and of the monopoly of landlords:—"I cannot think," says Hume, in words which after-discussions have made remarkable, "that the rent of farms makes any part of the price of produce; but that the price is determined altogether by the supply and the demand. The merit of the French economists must have been another of the points of difference reserved for this fireside conference, which unfortunately never took place.

Meantime, while he was working out his various views, and striving to put them in the most acceptable lights, he was in want of all the comforts with which literature ought to be supplied. His boyish dream of literary fame was in a fair way of coming true. The airy column was slowly rising. But his incredulity about it was as much a disease as his other incredulities. At the same time his circumstances were in a desperate condition. The most painful frugality could not save him from the indignities of present dependence; nor from the phantom crowd of melancholy apprehensions incident to an uncertain future. In the order of nature, grown-up members of a family are thrust from the parent stock, by a pressure as uniform and necessary as that which forces the acorn from the tree. A man must have some other home than the house even of an elder brother; unless he can submit to live there, as gamekeeper or tutor. Accordingly, the plunges which, at this time, Hume kept making to reach at something to which he could hold fast, were those almost of a drowning man. Often, when he saw Lord Kaimes, Lord Hailes, and Lord Monboddo, reconciling literature and law, and rising to affluence and honor, he must have bitterly repented having trusted himself, out and out, to literature alone—the reed, which is almost sure to break when it alone is leant on. Often, too, when he was longing for a professorship at Edinburgh or Glasgow, or offering himself as travelling governor, to apparently any laird who would trust a son with him, must he have felt conscious that, in his despair, he was asking for situations which he ought to have recollected that he had already renounced. Hutcheson had warned him from the first of the imprudence of sundry passages in the "Treatise." Most of them he agreed to alter, though with some reluctance—saying, that he did not think, as the world was now modelled, that a man's character depended on his philosophical speculations, "except he were in orders, or immediately concerned in the instruction of youth." Experience ultimately convinced him that the world was not exactly modelled as he supposed. That conviction, however, was the work of time; and, in the interval, he only damaged his friends as well as himself by calling upon them to come to his aid in a hopeless struggle against his own exception. If Smith's wishes had been gratified by having him for a colleague, would he also have looked back upon the days when he had been a Professor at Glasgow, as having been by far the most useful, and, therefore, the happiest period of his life?

In the critical year of 1745, the ethical chair at Edinburgh became vacant. Hume's friends threw themselves into an obnoxious conflict in his behalf. The charges of skepticism and heterodoxy, together with other hard names, were flying about in all quarters, (even Hutcheson declining to support him,) when their candidate privily disappeared—and the next thing heard of him was, that he had engaged himself as company-keeper to Lord Annandale, a literary lunatic, then residing in the neighborhood of St. Albans! Under a commission of lunacy, subsequently issued, Lord Annandale was found to have been a lunatic during the whole time that Hume was with him. Hume, nevertheless, drank out this twelvemonth of ignominy and misery, to the very dregs. The same pressure which had driven him to such an office, made him cling to it through every kind of contumely. He grew gloomy and unsocial, and mourned over his way of life "as more melancholy than any submitted to by any hu-

man creature who ever had any hopes or pretensions to anything better." Yet he still hung on; till my lord, in the most offensive language, ordered him to be gone. What a spectacle! We should not have been more astonished, had we tracked him out, this unlucky year, in the company of his Highland countrymen on their march to Derby! When Burke, twenty years afterwards, threw back the terms, which single-speech Hamilton had presumed to offer him, and called them terms which had never before been offered to a man born out of Africa, he little knew what Hume had undergone.

So much for his first civilian engagement! It makes us wonder less, that two months after, he should have been thinking of the army. Yet again; into what straits must he have been run—at the age of thirty-five, to be asked, whether he would enter into the service! and to have no answer to return, but that, at his years, he could not decently accept of a lower commission than a company. There was no time to lose, however, on either side; for his new patron, General Sinclair, was on the point of setting off on an expedition. It was intended against Canada; but ended in a ridiculous descent on Brittany. Upon this, the pair of colors, which had been talked about, were suddenly changed into the office, first of secretary, and afterwards of judge advocate. Mr. Burton intimates, that a greater proportion of his countrymen than of any other people, consider themselves qualified for the public service—in other words, for place—and look to it, accordingly, as their natural provision. This comes, it may be charitably presumed, from their better general education. Hume has recorded his aversion to Voet and Vinnius; that is, to the first elements of jurisprudence; and it is plain that he never opened a law book. No matter; he was, we dare say, as good a judge advocate as their caricature of an expedition needed. But it would have been as well, if he had spared himself a long heart-burning, at not having got half-pay for life, by this six months' service. After a break of a few months, he was off again with General Sinclair, as his secretary, on a military mission to the courts of Austria and Piedmont. This was the time when Lord Charlemont saw him at Turin—as droll a figure as ever represented us at a foreign court.

Hume was away, on these two occasions, between two and three years. It must have been a serious interruption to his studies; but it was his only one; and its disadvantages were amply compensated to him—in some degree, perhaps, in the way which the future historian had expected—by some little insight into courts and camps; but much more, by the friends and fortune it had enabled him to make. His friends smiled when, on his return, he talked of his fortune. "I was now master of near a thousand pounds!" The rich may smile. But in all Hume's knowledge, there was nothing which he knew better, and which is more worth knowing, than what money is really worth—what it can do, and what it cannot; how much may be secured by a very little, and how very little there remains to be afterwards accomplished, by thousands upon thousands more! After all Hume had gone through, a thousand pounds to him was independence: And in hands, which can wisely close and wisely open, (which we are assured was the case with his—though a master in political economy,) they answered most of the purposes of larger means. It was an invaluable thousand pounds also for the public: Since the historical pursuits, which Hume had from the first postponed for his riper years, had

been lately waiting only for leisure and opportunity; and these, in their turn, had been only waiting for a little money which he could call his own.

His new means were soon put in requisition. Upon his return from abroad, he had had the misfortune to find his mother dead. He staid, however, with his brother nearly a couple of years; and might probably have staid on, only that his brother married. It was time to look out for new quarters. These were naturally Edinburgh, which henceforward became his home. The apparition of a new mistress at Ninewells can have only a little quickened his discovery, that town was the true scene for a man of letters. He could hardly have finished the first chapter of his history, without wanting more books than are to be met with in a country-house or a provincial town. He must have found himself soon as ill-off in Berwickshire as Gibbon would have been twenty years ago in the United States; where, Mr. Justice Story says, in a literary discourse of so late a date, that there did not exist perhaps a single library which would have enabled the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" to have verified his authorities.

Hume had been settled only a few months in Edinburgh, when the Faculty of Advocates (after a hot opposition on the old objections) appointed him their librarian. The appointment was a considerable addition to his small income. But, soon afterwards, on being, as he conceived, insulted by the curators, he magnanimously gave up the salary to Blacklock, the blind poet; in order that his motive for retaining the situation might not be misunderstood. The situation placed 30,000 volumes at his will and pleasure; ample materials these for the History of the House of Stuart—on which, accordingly, he immediately began. His own account, at the time, to his friend Ramsay, of these changes, and his sense of security in his humble competency, are very innocent—and, we may say, touching also: "I might pretend, perhaps, as well as others, to complain of fortune; but I do not; and I should condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. Whilst interest remains as at present, I have £50 a year, a hundred pounds' worth of books, great store of linen and fine clothes, and near £100 in my pocket; along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humor, and an unabating love of study. In these circumstances, I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate; and, so far from being willing to draw my ticket over again in the lottery of life, there are very few prizes with which I would make an exchange. After some deliberation, I am resolved to settle in Edinburgh. As my sister can join £30 a year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer." [1751.]

For a time the expectations of his sober nature were realized. Two years pass, and his position is still new to him. A frolicsome letter to Dr. Clephane presents us with as happy an interior (allowing for a touch of levity) as Cowper could have drawn and peopled. There is the same infantine humor in exaggerating his felicity, and in dwelling with mock impatience on its details:—"I shall exult and triumph to you a little, that I have now at last—being turned of forty—to my own honor, to that of learning, and to that of the present age—arrived at the dignity of being a householder! About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family: consisting of a head, viz., myself, and two inferior members, a

maid, and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me company. With frugality I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you have more! Independence!—I have it in a supreme degree. Honor!—that is not altogether wanting. Grace!—that will come in time. A wife!—that is none of the indispensable requisites of life. Books!—that is one of them, and I have more than I can use. In short, I cannot find any blessing of consequence which I am not possessed of, in a greater or less degree; and, without any great effort of philosophy, I may be easy and satisfied." [1753.] In due time, however, he got accustomed to all these comforts; and was ready for his last transition—from competency to superfluity, and to the hospitalities of a retired and wealthy *diplomate*. His picture of himself and of his dinners, and his political ill-humor, is not unlike Swift. It will be sixteen years before his Edinburgh guests are to be partakers of the new learning which he brought back with him from Paris. But that picture may be properly introduced here; as it is a kind of *pendant* to the former one; and represents what some people may look forward to as the *euthanasia* of a successful author:—"I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in St. James' Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery—the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life! I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand. For beef and cabbage, (a charming dish,) and old mutton, and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep's-head broth, in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it! I have already sent a challenge to David Moncrief: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, (the field I have deserted,) for as to giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition, as thinking it will redound very much to my honor. I am delighted to see the daily and hourly progress of madness, and folly, and wickedness, in England. The consummation of these qualities are the true ingredients for making a fine narrative in history, especially if followed by some signal and ruinous convulsion, as I hope will soon be the case with that pernicious people! He must be a very bad cook indeed who cannot make a palatable dish from the whole. You see, in my reflections and allusions, I mix my old and new professions together." [1769.]

Hume had early commenced author; he ended proportionably early. In 1752, another ten years of work lay spread before him; after which he was to have a holiday for life. The space between our fortieth and fiftieth year is perhaps (for the rational part of our nature) the very pick of our threescore years and ten: and it was this decade which Hume appropriated to history. The undertaking was one for which, from his natural turn of mind and his previous studies, he was, in many most important requisites, eminently qualified. We cannot wish, therefore, that he should have devoted his last literary labors to any other service. Still less, if he was to choose history, can we fall in with Mr. Burton's wish, that he should have chosen some

other history, (ancient history, for instance,) instead of the history of England. What would have been the use of anticipating Mitford in a story history of Greece? In one respect, he certainly would not have interfered with either Mitford or his successors: for, "concise, after the manner of the ancients," on suggesting the subject to Robertson, he thought it ought to be brought down to Philip of Macedon in a single volume quarto. Our readers will see in time, that we are fully sensible to the objections against leaving the History of England exclusively in the hands of Hume. He frequently provokes us quite as much as Mr. Burton or Mr. Brodie can desire. His craving after theories, or pictures which were to produce effect—his political prejudices—his want of sympathy with the beneficial influences of Christianity on modern Europe—and his unfortunate ignorance of mediæval antiquity and English jurisprudence, amount at times, and on certain questions, almost to a disqualification. They make it absolutely necessary, at all events, that Hume's history should not be our only history; or, at least, that it should be accompanied by some copious and authoritative commentary, as a check. We are afraid too, that Hume had at no time that austere reverence for truth, which is the only safety for an historian; while the accidental causes by which his worst tendencies were made worse than they might otherwise have been, lie on the surface of the correspondence published in the present volumes.

But before we begin upon any ground of quarrel, it is much more agreeable, first to look at him sitting down to his great work, and to see, that among all the pleasures which greeted him on taking up his abode at Edinburgh, far from the least were the sanguine spirits with which he entered on his historical career. Smith had been giving him good advice, (as he afterwards acknowledged.) The following letter is his answer. It is the earliest letter to Smith which has been preserved:—"I confess I was once of the same opinion with you, and thought that the best period to begin an English history was about Henry the Seventh; but you will please to observe, that the change which then happened in public affairs was very insensible; and did not display its influence till many years afterwards. 'T was under James that the House of Commons began first to raise their (its?) head, and then the quarrel betwixt privilege and prerogative commenced. The government, no longer oppressed by the enormous authority of the crown, displayed its genius; and the factions which then arose, having an influence on our present affairs, form the most curious, interesting, and instructive part of our history. The preceding events, or causes, may easily be shown, in a reflection or review; which may be artfully inserted in the body of the work; and the whole, by that means, be rendered more compact and uniform. I confess that the subject appears to me very fine; and I enter upon it with great ardor and pleasure. You need not doubt of my perseverance." [1752.]

What a pity that this complacency could not last! But the spirit of authorship, by which he was possessed, was a perturbed spirit; feeding more on literary fame than on the simple love of letters. The opposition, which the first volume of the *Stuarts* met with, seems to have taken away from him almost all heart and pleasure in the rest; except the bitter pleasure of confounding his opponents by making falsehood look like truth, and the worse appear the better reason. He thought the second

volume of the *Stuarts* much inferior to the first; at least, he says so: and he accounted for it "by the infinite disgust and reluctance" with which, after a long interval, he had returned to it. The effect of this, he was sensible, appeared in many passages. On the failure of the *Treatise*, he had been willing to take part of the blame upon himself. Not so now. The whole blame of the evil reception of his *History*, rested with the public. Religious prejudices were so natural to all mankind, as to be entitled to some respect: But for political prejudices he had no indulgence. Whatever knowledge he pretended to in history and human affairs, he had not had so bad an opinion of man as to expect that their want of candor and humanity would have exposed him to the treatment he had received! (1757.) It is true, he did not lose a jot of confidence in his powers; but the fire was extinguished in him, he thought; and with it the security, and almost the wish to please.

By the time he got to the reigns of the Tudors, his spirits had in some measure returned to him; and were kept up by the passion of an advocate pleading a cause, on which he had staked his character. On going back to the early part of English history, we observe in the correspondence only one notice of it, while he is engaged upon it. It is in a couple of lines; and merely speaks of the infinite labor and study which it costs him; coldly adding, that he does not grudge it, having nothing better nor more agreeable to employ him. So low had his ambition dropped—employment for employment's sake!—perhaps, he should have rather said, (since hard students have always employment at command,) for the sake of the two thousand eight hundred pounds, which he received from Miller, for the three series which complete his *History*. If we recollect what were his means and what his prospects, there was no other way by which he could expect the narrow basis of his pecuniary independence to be so substantially enlarged. But the importance of this object would scarcely prevent him from wearying over his work; and, to this weariness, two causes must materially have contributed. He could not help being conscious that he had neither the knowledge nor the interest which an historian of the Anglo-Saxons and Plantagenets should possess; and next, he had been paid for the work before he wrote it. We are afraid, therefore, that in making out a list of Hume's pleasures, we must not put that of the actual composition of his *History* into the account. To the latter circumstance Robertson familiarly attributed his superficial treatment of that period—a fact, of which the contemporaries of Whitaker were well aware, though they were without the lights which have been since so much more fully thrown on Anglo-Saxon history. Hume ran his hand over several kinds of composition; we have endeavored to make out in which of them he had the greatest pleasure. Leaving aside the gratification afforded to his vanity by success, there is reason for believing that metaphysical speculations were more truly congenial to his nature, and therefore contributed more to his intellectual happiness, than historical reasoning or research.

Hume, when a young man, had been accustomed to come to Edinburgh as a visitor, for the winter season. He was now come there in his manhood; and (a very different matter) to settle in it as his home. He brought his *History* along with him, instead of either wife or mistress; and though, as we have seen, its attractions by degrees fell off, it continued

to require as much attention from him, as during his first passion for it. It saved him, therefore, necessarily, from one of the humiliating perils of single life—dependence on society. Yet, while his studious habits made him independent of society, his sociable nature left him open to all its charms. Amusing and amused in every variety of company, he brought sunshine wherever he appeared; and seems to have been as universally welcome as a fine day. He had, besides, a still more enviable talent, that of making friends; such friends, that is, as are made more by sweetness of temper than by depth of feeling. It was a talent, too, which he never let lie idle long—except in England. It is a singular exception. But, among his many friends, there never turns up by chance a single Englishman! His connection with Lord Hertford might be complimented with the name; but it is a compliment by which nobody standing in their relation, ever is deceived. Of the friends who had grown up with him, the most distinguished were Mure of Caldwell, Oswald of Dunikier, and Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kaim. Of these, Oswald was an eminent Glasgow merchant. He appears, as a practical man of business and theoretical political economist, to have borne nearly the same relation to Hume and Smith, as Gournay bore to Quesnay and Turgot. The friendships of Sir Gilbert Elliot and Adam Smith were a later acquisition. A little before Hume's coming to reside at Edinburgh, Adam Smith had been translated from an Edinburgh lectureship, to a professorship at Glasgow. Up to that time, they can have seldom met. Yet, though Smith was then only twenty-eight years old, and ten years younger than Hume, the elder philosopher took him into consultation, with full as much respect for his opinion as he ever had showed for Hutcheson, fifteen years before.

On the inglorious expedition to the coast of France in 1746, Hume managed to pick up two friends of a very different cast; but they assimilated so well, that they stood by him for life; one was Colonel Edmonstone, the other Dr. Clephane. It was natural that the necessities of a campaign should bring together the two civilians—the doctor and judge-advocate—the doctor knowing, it may be hoped, a little more of medicine than the judge-advocate of law. The friends we have named were all laymen. But, on taking up his abode at Edinburgh, Hume was introduced into a new circle. Afterwards, in the general unpopularity of his first volumes of the *Stuarts*, Herring, Primate of England, and Stone, Primate of Ireland, separately sent him messages not to be discouraged. He notices with a smile, that these “seem two odd exceptions.” It must have at the time seemed still more curious to him, that all in this new circle—all at least of any note—were clergymen; and, in the language of church politics, were leaders of the moderates in the General Assembly.

In the proud, yet simple memoir, which Hume has called his funeral oration on himself, he boasts that his friends never had occasion to vindicate any single circumstance of his character and conduct. Of the truth of this, there cannot possibly be stronger evidence than these last won friendships. To ordinary understandings, to be living in intimacy with David Hume will certainly appear, at least, as unclerical a proceeding as either writing a play, or going to see one acted. Yet, for the first of these minor offences, his cousin, the author of *Douglas*, was at this very time driven out of the church; and, for the second, Dr. Carlyle and

others, sharply censured. Could anything to his disadvantage have been fastened upon Hume, it would have been impossible for Jardine, Blair and Robertson, to have met his adversaries at the gate: indeed, with no other objection against him, but his writings, the course they took was still a bold one; bolder, we suspect, than would be followed now. For, Hume's motions were all along watched closely by jealous eyes. He had not been three years librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, when he was deprived of the power of ordering in books. A resolution to that effect was brought forward by Lord Monboddo and Lord Hailes. They charged him with the scandal of having introduced into their library three indecent French novels, unworthy of a learned body. It is much more singular that the throwing of the first stone should have been left to the lawyers, than that, on its having hit its object, some among the clergy looked about them for a second missile. The form which the second assault assumed was particularly agreeable to the assailants; because its success must have compromised Blair and Robertson, as much almost as Hume. A sentence of excommunication upon the one, would have thrown its *penumbra* over the others. And this is the least which can have been contemplated by Dr. Anderson, when he moved in the General Assembly the succeeding year, that a person styling himself David Hume, Esq., who had arrived at such a degree of boldness, as publicly to avow himself author of books subversive of Christianity, natural religion and morality, should be called before them. Fortunately, all, but a small minority, thought it more discreet to stop on the threshold than to proceed. Things therefore went no further than insult and annoyance. Hume did well to despise these horns; but he should have infused more justice and moderation into his scorn. We hope we are not to judge of his own feelings towards his opponents by his unmeasured language, when (years afterwards and far away) the first thought which comes to him on the death of Jardine, is the image of “the miscreants of the opposite party” rejoicing over it. Among these miscreants was Ebenezer Erskine, whose funeral sermon upon Robertson is so honorable to both. That sermon, by the way, is indisputable evidence in favor of the Christian character of Robertson, from a contemporary and a rival; and is wholly inconsistent with modern gossip about his unbelief.

Hume allowed himself at no time to be much disturbed by attacks in public on his religious opinions; for he regarded religion as a branch of philosophy, from which reason had been always excluded, and generally manners. But he could not be indifferent to the controversial spirit, when it followed him into private life. He was natural and free-spoken to a fault; while his skepticism was so predominant in him that he could never be sure, for four-and-twenty hours together, that he might not either unwittingly give offence to his best friends, or be offended by them. Whenever he hurt his friends, he was too good natured not to feel uneasy. It was on these occasions that he discovered that Scotland was too narrow a place for him. His clerical intimates must, in return, have often felt themselves in a false position with him: disquieted, lest on the one hand they should grieve him by their differences or distrusts; on the other, lest they should be compromised by either his subtle questionings or his careless talk. Accordingly, when his most intimate acquaintance—the people whom he was meeting every day—set up the original *Edinburgh*

Review, in 1754, Hume, the best writer of them all, was carefully excluded. To explain this, it has been suggested, that his infantile simplicity might have betrayed their secret, or that he was too tender-hearted for the necessary cruelties of a reviewer! But surely we need not go so far out of the way for a sufficient reason. The conductors of the *Review* did not venture to embarrass their fragile undertaking by the responsibilities belonging to his opinions, or by the suspicions belonging to his name. It will be easily conceived, that even in the ordinary intercourse of society, more active measures of self-defence on their part, may have been sometimes necessary. A letter from Hume to Blair, is fortunately preserved; which, while it shows how peremptorily Hume resented any interference with his opinions, shows also the falsehood of the rumor, that Hume's opinions were shared, or even tolerated, by Blair. We have already alluded to—what some have thought a suspicious circumstance—the suppression or the loss of Robertson's correspondence. But, there is no reason whatever for separating the case of Robertson, or of any other of the Edinburgh clergy, from that of Blair. We perceive, that one of Hume's letters, full of gossip about Rousseau, ends with saying, "read this only to the initiated;" words which, hastily seen in the Hume papers, are quite enough to have originated any calumny. But, the letter of which we are now speaking, is too direct and too premeditated (for it was sent from Paris) not to be sincere. Blair had forwarded to Hume, Dr. Campbell's reply to his *Essay on Miracles*. The first part of Hume's answer to this letter, is a criticism on Dr. Campbell: But the rebuke with which it ends, might have satisfied even Dr. Anderson, that, although the hope of Hume's conversion was not the basis of these friendships, yet, if Hume were not converted, the fault was not with Blair. "Having said so much to your friend, who is certainly a very ingenious man, though a little too zealous for a philosopher, permit me also the freedom of saying a word to yourself. Whenever I have had the pleasure to be in your company, if the discourse turned on any common subject of literature, or reasoning, I always parted from you both entertained and instructed. But, when the conversation was diverted by you from this channel towards the subject of your profession—though I doubt not but your intentions were friendly towards me—I own I never received the same satisfaction: I was apt to be tired, and you to be angry. I would therefore wish, for the future, whenever my good fortune throws me in your way, that these topics should be forborne between us. I have long since done with all inquiries on such subjects, and am become incapable of instruction; though I own no one is more capable of conveying it than yourself." A letter of this kind would have cooled an ordinary friendship; and it is highly to Blair's credit that he accepted Hume on his own terms; had the virtue to love him living, and the manliness to protect his memory.

The circle in which Hume was living, (irritating as, in some respects, were the threads which held him to it,) was one which, as long, at least, as he remained at Edinburgh, he could ill afford to lose. To be sure there were two public reunions open to him. The Philosophical Society was established in 1754, for the purpose of philosophical debate; Hume and Smith both attended, but never opened their lips in it. The other flourished under the

more familiar name of the Poker Club, and was established in 1762, to stir up the fire of the nation, on Scotland being refused a Scotch militia. In this club, Hume held the melo-dramatic office of assistant-assassin—having for his principal, in case their services should be wanted, a certain Andrew Crossie, the Pleydell of *Guy Mannering*—a celebrated advocate in his day—standing counsel for the Evangelicals, and as remarkable as his assistant for the mildness of his disposition. Even from amidst the flatteries of Parisian wit and beauty, Hume affected to regret the freedom and hilarity of the Poker Club. A man, who had lived, year after year, cheerfully at Ninewells, had proved beyond all question, that society was by no means necessary to him. But, we are sorry to see that when it was within his reach, he had a secret ambition about it, (by way of acknowledgment, apparently of his literary rank,) beyond what friends or clubs could satisfy. This feeling will account for the height to which he carried his love for Paris, and his dislike of London. So far we can understand. But a sensitiveness at not being sought after, or noticed by the aristocracy of Edinburgh, is the last infirmity of which we should have suspected him. A twelvemonth with Lord Annandale, ought to have hardened a weaker nature against this kind of misfortune. But he not only took their neglect to heart; he brooded over it. And it is evident, that when certain of the offenders, or any of their class, fell afterwards into his hands, he had a singular satisfaction in settling the balance. An opportunity occurred at Paris. One of his countrymen appeared before him there with a letter of introduction, and, unconscious of this secret grief, must have been as much startled at the time as we are now, at the temper in which he was received. The introduction was from Blair; and this is the answer:—"Your recommendations have great weight with me; but, if I am not mistaken, I have often seen Colonel L——'s face in Edinburgh. It is a little late he has bethought himself of being *ambitious*, as you say, of being introduced to my acquaintance. The only favor I can do him, is to advise him, as soon as he has seen Paris, to go to a provincial town, where people are less shy of admitting new acquaintance, and are less delicate judges of behavior. * * * I fancy there will not arrive at Paris many people who will have great claims of past civilities to plead with me." A letter to Adam Smith from Fontainebleau, a little earlier, is still fiercer: "You are ready to ask me, if all this does not make me very happy: no; I feel little or no difference. Can I ever forget, that it is the very same species, that would scarce show me common civilities, a very few years ago at Edinburgh, who now receive me with such applauses at Paris?"

Unluckily for Hume, another shadow came slowly creeping on. One, too, which a man of his kind and gentlemanly spirit would be still more unwilling to admit. Authors always, and sometimes their publishers, are ingenious in anticipating or explaining failures. Miller, in 1750, delayed publishing a new edition of Hume's *Essays*, because of the earthquakes! In 1769, John Home accounted to himself for the thinness of the house, at the first representation of his *Fatal Discovery*, by supposing that the curiosity of the play-going world was all absorbed in the rival interest of the contemporary drama, then performing in the House of Lords, under the name of the *Douglas Cause*. In the same way, it was a favorite resource with Hume to attribute much of the reluctance of the

English to do him, what he kept calling justice, to the fact of his being a Scotchman. He would not allow either the vulgar popularity of Smollett, or the solid and well-earned fame of Robertson, to undecieve him. He could afford to despise the first. If Smollett sold out of hand 11,000 copies of his *History*, so much the worse for public taste. But Robertson's success must be accounted for on other grounds. And how!—as a means of spiting Hume! We find him, accordingly, writing from London in 1759 to Smith: "Robertson's book" (the *History of Scotland*) "has great merit; but it is visible that he profited here by the animosity against me." So far, we are afraid, was written in sober earnest; though pleasantly carried off by intimating, that the same *odium tertii* had probably been equally favorable to the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," just published: "I suppose the case was the same with you." Four years later, (1763,) Robertson was appointed historiographer for Scotland. Hume had been proud of their friendship, both for its own sake, and as a thorn in the side of the common enemy. But the best friends and the best natures must not be tried too far. The jealousy which this unexpected preference excited in him, was sufficiently apparent to be observed by third persons. Dr. Carlyle repeats, as part of the day's gossip, (1763,) that, "Honest David Hume, (Hume,) with the heart of all others that rejoices most at the prosperity of his friends, was certainly a little hurt with this last honor conferred on Robertson. A lucky accident has given him relief." The accident was an invitation to accompany Lord Hertford on an embassy to Paris. It was only an accident inasmuch as it was sudden and unlooked for. There can be little doubt but that it was done mainly at the suggestion of John Home, who, at this very time, was domesticated with Lord Bute. It was a good day's work—by whomsoever done; and all the better, if the doer of it was aware of all the circumstances. For, assuredly, there is no more melancholy form of dust and ashes, than those of a friendship which has burnt out; and, among the last friendships which should ever be allowed to perish, was one that had united names which posterity will never part.

Hume had begun his *History* in Edinburgh in 1752. In 1762, when he brought it to a close, he was at Edinburgh still. From the feelings which we have been describing, it would appear that this continued residence was from necessity more than choice. During the interval, he often wished himself away. Often would he have fled from the ills to which he was exposed at Edinburgh, and even taken his chance of those which London might have in store for him; if his finances could have borne the change. In 1754, (the year of the proceedings against him in the General Assembly,) he writes to Dr. Clephane,—"Show me that frugality could make £120 a year do, and I'm with you. A man of letters ought always to live in a capital, says Bayle." Three years later, (1757, the year of his resigning the librarianship,) he returned to the subject; and desired the doctor to look out a room for him. "A room in a sober, discreet family, who would not be averse to admit a sober, discreet, virtuous, frugal, regular, quiet, good-natured man—of a bad character!—I shall be in London next summer, (to finish the *Tudor volumes*,) probably to remain there during life. I shall then be able to spend £150 a year, which is the sum upon which, I remember, you formerly undertook me. But I would not have you reckon upon *probabilities*, as

you then called them; for I am resolved to write no more. I shall read and correct, and chat and be idle, the rest of my life." In 1759 he expresses more plainly than ever, the uncomfortableness of his position at Edinburgh. But, on the other side, were to be set the supreme considerations, that Scotland was more suitable to his means, as well as the seat of his principal friendships. The *vis inertiae*, which made a single removal as intolerable to him as a fire, came next; and, lastly, an objection, (perhaps equal in reality to all the others,) the inability to make up his mind to what other place it would be prudent to remove.

We doubt whether London would have ever suited him. He had never seen it to advantage. He had first become acquainted with it, sick and sorry, on his way to Bristol. He then probably brought up with him a strong national antipathy. At all events, he would certainly have been met by one; for, unless the ashes had been smouldering sullenly in 1734, it would have been impossible, some five-and-twenty years afterwards, that they should have been blown into a flame by vulgar breath, against the countrymen of Lord Bute. Hume's second visit—that of an unknown youth, half Scotch, half French, arriving from France to negotiate the publication of an unlucky Treatise on *Metaphysics*—was no great advance; and his year of bondage with Lord Annandale, in Hertfordshire, must have been too miserable to think of, without shuddering.

There is no reason for supposing that he was again in England, except passing through with General Sinclair, until 1758. In this year, however, he did come to London, in execution of the purpose he had announced to Dr. Clephane; he took lodgings in Lisle street, Leicester Fields, and remained there, not for life, as he had talked of, but about a twelvemonth. From all that appears, he was living in no society. Of the people whose names are of sufficient importance to be mentioned in his letters, the only one with whom he pretends to any acquaintance, is a Mr. Burke, or Bourke, "an Irish gentleman who wrote lately a very pretty Treatise on the Sublime." This tentative experiment of settling in London, therefore, evidently failed; and upon its failure, Hume concluded that there was no good society in London, since he had found none. He might very easily have fallen into the same mistake at Paris. For, by his own account, its polite circles were in some respects more exclusive; and it was almost out of the memory of man that any British had been familiarly admitted into them; though an exception was afterwards made in his favor, by a strange caprice of fashion. Under these circumstances, any comparisons he might draw between the two capitals, must necessarily be unfair; however, he might think they justified his anti-English feelings. "There is," he says, "a very remarkable difference between London and Paris, of which I gave warning to Helvetius, when he went over lately to England, and of which he told me, on his return, he was fully sensible. If a man have the misfortune, in the former place, to attach himself to letters, even if he succeeds, I know not with whom he is to live, nor how he is to pass his time in suitable society. The little company there that is worth conversing with, are cold and unsociable; or are warmed only by faction and cabal; so that, a man who plays no part in public affairs, becomes altogether insignificant; and if he is not rich, he becomes even contemptible. Hence that nation are relapsing fast into the deepest

stupidity and ignorance. The taste for literature is neither decayed nor depraved here, as with the barbarians on the banks of the Thames." [1764.]

After Hume's return from Paris, he resided in London full two years, (1766-68,) and was for the principal part of the time, under secretary of state to General Conway. He must now have had abundant means of correcting his error, if he had thought it worth his while. On the contrary, he seems to have kept aloof. He even declined Blair's introduction of Dr. Percy to him in London, almost as unceremoniously as he had got rid of the Scotch colonel sent to him at Paris. "I thank you for the acquaintance you offer me of Mr. Percy; but it would be impracticable for me to cultivate his friendship, as men of letters have here no place of rendezvous; and are, indeed, sunk and forgot in the general torrent of the world. If you can therefore decline, without hardship, any letter of recommendation, it would save trouble both to him and me." Hume and Percy came together, notwithstanding. They had a point of agreement—not Ancient Ballads, certainly; but a common dislike of Johnson. Yet Hume's excuse is not less strange; for there never was a time, before or since, when London was less in want of points of reunion, where men of similar pursuits might meet. The Scotch themselves had a pleasant club, made up mostly of Hume's friends. Garrick was a member of it; and the house where it met was kept by a clever woman, sister to the celebrated Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury. At first sight it may seem stranger still, so to speak of London in 1767, an era when Mrs. Montagu was ambitious of distinguishing her house after the *Rambouillet* fashion; and when three years had not elapsed since Johnson had founded the Literary Club. But at his highest zenith, Hume probably continued equally a stranger at these renowned resorts. The people, indeed, who were worshippers of Johnson could have scarcely associated with, much less courted, Hume. Considering Johnson's occasional brutality, it would not have been safe for him and Hume to have met in private. Percy was stopped from even mentioning that he had taken Hume to dine with the chaplains at St. James', for fear of a scene of violence, if not hysterics. And it was only by taking advantage of Johnson being away, that half-a-dozen friends contrived to smuggle Adam Smith into the club.

That singular dictatorship, which Boswell has immortalized, might have been greatly in the way of Hume, and even of Smith, in the set where we should otherwise first expect to find them. Of this there can be no doubt. But, supposing them there, would they have succeeded? Might not Smith have been too formal and didactic? And is it not possible that the conversational pleasantries of Hume, which were so enchanting among his familiar friends, might not have borne transplanting among strangers? Garrick's critical interrogatory concerning the character of Smith's conversation ("Eh, flabby!") is not promising. Smith is supposed to have told Reynolds, that he never talked upon a subject which he understood, lest he might want it for his books! while, Horace Walpole, indignant at anybody comparing Hume's abilities with those of Gray, declared that Hume's conversation was so *thick* that he believed he never understood a subject until he had written upon it. Can there be better proof, than the extravagance of these anecdotes—that as yet a dinner-table and a drawing-room were not good conductors between the minds of the two

countries! Put out by the novelty of the scene, or diffident of their Scotticisms and their dialect, both Smith and Hume were evidently different persons in London from what they were at home. So many Scotchmen in the preceding generation had written excellent English, that we have never been able to understand the grounds on which Hume and his contemporaries are supposed to have had so much difficulty in English composition, and to have conferred so great a service on their countrymen by their success. But a written style is one thing, a colloquial style another; and it is very possible that the generation of which we are speaking, would have been much more confident that they could have marched gracefully through the chapters of a history, than have made good their way, without a fault, among the turns and idioms of the most common conversation. But—whether this were so or not in the case of Hume—there was another, and even a greater difficulty in the way of his holding pleasant intercourse with "the barbarians on the banks of the Thames." He disliked the people, and cherished the dislike.

At times Hume turned his eyes wistfully towards France. Its climate, its cheapness, the facility and gaiety of its society, had great attractions for him. When he was more than usually out of humor with his native land, he entertained his fancy with schemes of expatriation. Had they been all as philosophical as that which he unfolded to Dr. Clephane, in 1756, we should have had more reliance on the ways and means which philosophy can supply, than we have at present:—"It gives me great affliction, dear doctor, when you speak of gout and old age. Alas! you are going down hill, and I am tumbling fast after you. I have, however, very entire health, notwithstanding my studious, sedentary life. I only grow fat more than I could wish. When shall I see you? God knows. I am settled here (Edinburgh); have no pretensions, nor hopes, nor desires, to carry me to court the great. I live frugally on a small fortune, which I care not to dissipate by jaunts of pleasure. All these circumstances give me little prospect of seeing London. Were I to change my habitation, I would retire to some provincial town in France; to trifle out my old age near a warm sun, in a good climate, a pleasant country, and amidst a sociable people. My stock would then maintain me in some opulence; for I have the satisfaction to tell you, dear doctor, that on reviewing my affairs, I find that I am worth £1600 sterling, which, at five per cent., makes me near 1800 livres a year; that is, the pay of two French captains." It is using brave words, perhaps, to call this philosophy. It is, however, no small part of it; and represents, we trust, the good sense and good temper of many hundreds of our half-pay officers scattered over France at this moment. There is nothing in the thoughts and feelings presented in this letter but what Hume's best friends might wish to see there. It is as pleasant a foreign view of him as either of his two extremes—as either the quiet of his first provincial solitude, to which he fled, to ruminate upon his *juvenilia* at La Flèche; or the glory of his second visit, receiving the compliments of the nobility and court of France.

M. Camperon has translated anew Hume's History into French; and to judge by some of the blunders of his predecessors which he has put into a note, not before it was wanted. He observes that Hume's partiality to France ought to be a great merit with French readers. We are quite

willing that it should be so. We have never heard this partiality objected to by anybody; nor fault found with him because his tastes, both literary and social, were more French than English. Within certain limits, comparisons between different countries, their forms of civilization, and their manners, are open questions. The most favored nation is not necessarily one's own. The injustice to which we object in Hume, is not comparative but positive; and Englishmen are entitled to complain much more of the feeling which pervades these letters, than of any opinions stated in his History. The first germ of Hume's dislike of the English was probably, as we have said, a little leaven of ancient nationality. Unfavorable accidents rather encouraged than corrected it afterwards: and so it grew up to be the counterpart to Johnson's dislike of Scotland. By degrees, this hostile feeling was embittered by personal pique and wounded vanity. Like other great performers, who have come up from the provinces to the capital, and have met at first with coldness and with clamor, instead of plaudits, he took offence; and assuming the tone and attitude of an injured man, he opened a quarrel with the public, which he never closed.

Yet Hume's general nature was eminently sweet and reasonable. He was as sound, both in mind and body, as Johnson was the reverse.* It would have appeared beforehand to have been about as difficult to make the one unhappy, as the other happy. But, on looking more closely into Hume's underlife, the one superstition by which his house was haunted (an ill regulated passion for literary fame) was nearly proving as fatal to his peace, as Johnson's hundred spectres. All that was really serious by way of exception to his general character, is to be referred, first or last, to this head. He was turned forty at the time of his bringing out the first part of the History of the Stuarts. From the moment it appeared, it was (he conceived) universally neglected and universally abused. Books have been written on the calamities of authors, and on their peculiar diseases, physical and moral. They contain many cases far more painful, but hardly a case more mortifying, than the effect which this disappointment produced on Hume. The first effects, impulsive and temporary, might be attributed to a sudden return of splenetic low spirits, brought back on him by long confinement and vexation—the same kind of moral jaundice, upon which in his youth he had consulted Cheyao. But the secondary effects—those which were consequential and reflective—cannot be passed over to that charitable hypothesis. At first, his mind was so unsettled, that he all but threw off his friends and swore his country. His two letters to Mure of Caldwell, are humbling to authors, but most instructive to their friends. In 1754, Hume had begged of Mure to tell him his opinion of the first part of the Stuarts, and with freedom:—"You know my docility." Mure, who should perhaps have known him better, took him at his word. It was not till 1757—and then, only after having received from Mure a commendation of the second part—that Hume sullenly restored him to a friendship, "confirmed by years and long acquaintance!" How frail our security in each other, if for three long years, the too homely truths contained in the

answer to the first letter can have held suspended in the air a friendship so confirmed!

Other authors may have been as touchy with their friends; but we do not remember any other, who ever thought of shaking the dust from off his feet and abjuring his country, merely because his countrymen would not read his books, nor receive him on his self-appointed mission, for their national historian. It is a pettishness, or flightiness, for which no testimony could be taken but his own. But that testimony we have; and, what is worse, we have it gravely given in as a dying declaration, at the distance of five-and-twenty years:—"I was, I confess, discouraged; and had not the war been at that time breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country!" The storm passed off; but the channels which it had worn remained; and into these—whenever things went wrong with him—his distempered thoughts and feelings appear to have found their way. Through many years he persisted in reading everything backwards which related to his History—which was the way, to be sure, in which he had composed it. Every new edition was only an acknowledgment of the injustice which had been done him; and a poor instalment of his just dues. Notwithstanding his confession, that the last series of his History had been better received immediately upon its publication than any of the earlier ones, this earnest of contrition was not sufficient to entitle the public to condonation. He would not come up to London till he had seen more justice done him. But appearances improved so rapidly, that he wrote home from Paris the succeeding year, that he saw that the public was coming round. Unfortunately, by this time, he had contracted, through long indulgence, the worst of all complaints, the habit of complaining. It is in vain, that the statcal chair assures the confirmed valetudinarian that he is gaining flesh; he must go on, weighing himself daily. Hume at last wore out the patience of his very publisher. Mr. Miller cannot help expressing his surprise that a man of his excellent understanding and merit should be so dissatisfied with the sale; especially, as the booksellers, the only parties concerned in it, are, on the whole, astonished at its success, and are ready to give him any encouragement to proceed! Surely, where the booksellers were so joyfully astonished, the author might have been content. We may safely undertake to say, that no such correspondence ever passed between Samuel Simmons and John Milton; though two other five pounds depended on the number of the copies of the *Paradise Lost* that Simmons might have the luck to sell. The genius of the greatest minds is based on greatness of character, and can bide its time.

We would have no man stand up for his country or his party, right or wrong. But, an honest man will not be the worse for belonging to a party; while he certainly may be much the worse for being a citizen only of the world. Hume was all along national rather than patriotic: and, unfortunately, his nationality was represented by the difference in his feelings towards England and Scotland: his patriotism by his indifference to both. Had he been out in forty-five, he would have been amused at the notion of banishment being a punishment; and he must have laughed at Lord Bolingbroke's declamations out of Seneca, upon exile. If there be any such virtue as patriotism, Hume

* [We must express our extreme surprise at this assertion. Johnson's bodily disease often, perhaps generally, affected his temper—but if his vigorous intellect was not sounder than Hume's—if it were not sound, who that lived under him suspected it!—*Living Age*.]

hung far too loosely to his country. The equal affection to all sections of his countrymen—the *Tros Rutuluse* motto, which he paraded in the first edition of his essays in 1741—made him as much of a spectator in domestic politics as Atticus himself. Six or seven years afterwards, he boasted that he had argued the case of the protestant succession—in a new essay, brought out at a most critical moment—as coolly as if it had been a question between Pompey and Cæsar. But the truth is, that his nature was so neutral—so wanting in those sympathies, out of which patriotism grows—that it would not at any time have cost him more to change his allegiance than his coat. He was ready, therefore, to shift his lodgings any day, on the smallest provocation. Under these circumstances, it is particularly unfortunate that he should have been so sore at the denial of any imagined claim—whether it was his lawful literary laurels, or his lawful pecuniary emoluments that were withheld from him. On setting out in life, he had made it a point, apparently with private persons as well as with the public, to stand, in the first instance, on his extreme rights. It was not till these were recognized and secured, that he opened his better nature—struck the rock, and let the waters flow. Hume is far from being the only person, who has cavilled for the ninth part of a hair in the way of bargain, to give it afterwards, or thrice as much, to a deserving—or undeserving friend. At the beginning, there was more excuse for pertinacity about whatever money he could make out any sort of title to, in his case, than in that of most people. We wish, however, that he had let drop his demand against Lord Annandale for some small debated arrear of salary, as soon as he could afford to lose it. Still more do we wish that the extortionous demand on government, for half-pay, which he certainly had not earned, as judge-advocate, had never been preferred by him. His indefatigable perseverance in agitating on both these questions would prepare us for his being exceedingly dissatisfied with his position in the embassy at Paris, as long as it was precarious; but we were not prepared for the violence of his feelings, or the nature of his threats. He had bargained with Lord Hertford for a pension of £200, before agreeing to come out with him in the nondescript capacity of a kind of *attaché*, who was to do the business of secretary to the embassy, without any official character. For a time, this pension rested on no more solid footing than a simple order from the treasury; while, Mr. Bunbury continued to hang on as secretary longer than Hume had reckoned upon. In this state of things, he roused himself to address a long letter to his friend Elliot, on his grievances. The fuming incense which the Parisians were now offering to him, as a sort of male Goddess of Reason, must, by this time have intoxicated the object of their idolatry, or he never would have closed his letter with the formal notice—"I have been accustomed to meet with nothing but insults and indignities from my native country; but if it continues so, *'ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habebis.'*"

The flaw which ran through Hume's temper, the degree to which it occasionally disfigured the whiteness of the marble—as in this instance—cannot be more strikingly brought out than in Sir Gilbert's answer. Of all the friends of Hume who are introduced to us in the present volumes, were we to judge them by their correspondence, we should place him first. Whether the matter in discussion be metaphysics or civil prudence, he is uniformly a

wise adviser:—"As to *ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habebis*, don't be at all uneasy. Notwithstanding all your errors, mistakes, and heresies in religion, morals, and government, I undertake you shall have at least Christian burial; and perhaps we may even find for you a niche in Westminster Abbey besides. Your Locks, Newtons, and Bacons had no great matter to boast of during their lives, and yet they were the most orthodox of men; they required no godfather to answer for them; while, on the other hand, did not Lord Hertford spread his seven-fold shield over all your transgressions? Pray, what pretensions have you either in church or state! for you well know you have offended both." A few months afterwards, Sir Gilbert was himself at Paris, to place his sons there. He left them to be looked after by Hume; but, from what he had seen, he felt so strongly the temptations by which he had also left his friend surrounded, that having to write to him about the boys, he could not resist taking on a word or two of counsel at the end:—"Allow me in friendship also to tell you I think I see you at present upon the very brink of a precipice. One cannot too much clear their (one's!) mind of all little prejudices; but partiality to one's country is not a prejudice. Love the French as much as you will. Many of the individuals are surely the proper objects of affection; but, above all, continue still an Englishman." The reply is conclusive evidence that the interposition was not premature. "I cannot imagine," Hume replies, "what you mean by saying I am on a precipice. I shall foretell to you the result of my present situation, almost with as great certainty as it is possible to employ with regard to any future event. As soon as Lord Hertford's embassy ends, which probably may not continue long, some zealot whom I never saw, and never could offend, finding me without protection, will instantaneously fly with alacrity to strike off that pension which the king and the ministry, before I would consent to accept of my present situation, promised should be for life. I shall be obliged to leave Paris; which I confess I shall turn my back to with regret. I shall go to Toulouse or Montauban, or some provincial town in the south of France, where I shall spend, contented, the rest of my life, with more money, under a finer sky, and in better company than I was born to enjoy. From what human motive or consideration can I prefer living in England than in foreign countries! I believe, taking the continent of Europe, from Petersburg to Lisbon, and from Bergen to Naples, there is not one there who ever heard of my name, who has not heard of it with advantage, both in point of morals and genius. I do not believe there is one Englishman in fifty, who, if he heard I had broke my neck to-night, would be sorry. Some, because I am not a whig; some, because I am not a Christian; and all, because I am a Scotsman. Can you seriously talk of my continuing an Englishman? Am I, or are you, an Englishman? Do they not treat with derision our pretensions to that name, and with hatred our just pretensions to surpass and govern them? I am a citizen of the world; but if I were to adopt any country, it would be that in which I live at present; and from which I am determined never to depart, unless a war drives me into Switzerland or Italy."

The idolaters, who were running after Hume to pick up anecdotes of his philosophy and *bonhomie*, would be more abashed at this correspondence, than probably the "Good David" might think necessary. What makes his vehemence the more

inexcusable, is, that all along he was well aware of the difficulties of his case. And, at last, when he was appointed secretary, he felt "inclined to be surprised how it had happened."

But Hume's ideas, when once taken up, soon became fixed ideas; not to be exorcised out of him by reason. In this manner, his resentments were gradually transformed into a second nature. By way of self-defence against his supposed public, he early inflamed himself into an equal contempt of their literary taste and of their manners: "As to the approbation or esteem of those blockheads, who call themselves the public, and whom a bookseller, a lord, a priest or a party, can guide, I do most heartily despise it." [1757.] His alleged unwillingness to show himself among his detractors, easily assumed a more comprehensive form, when his first objection was removed. "I have a reluctance to think of settling among the factious barbarians of London; who will hate me because I am a Scotsman, and am not a whig; and despise me because I am a man of letters." Such was the *pronunciamento* of 1765; and the reluctance deepened with years. By the time that he had to thank Gibbon for the first volume of the "Decline and Fall," his accumulated contempt for a generation, of which, if Burke and Johnson were the first, they did not stand alone, had reached an alarming height. He accordingly turned his compliment to the author, by the expression of his surprise at so excellent a performance proceeding from an Englishman! "Your countrymen, for almost a whole generation, had given themselves up to barbarous and absurd faction; and had so totally neglected all polite letters, that I no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them." "It is lamentable to think," he adds in a letter to Smith of the same date, and almost his last, "how much that nation has declined in literature in our time." [1776.]

Unfortunately, Hume's horror at English politics kept pace with his contempt for English literature. The Wilkite mobs frightened him into a style of writing, and, we fear almost of thinking, which would have scarcely been excusable in a foreigner, or a woman: "Our government," he says to Elliot, "has become a chimera, and is too perfect in point of liberty for so rude a beast as an Englishman; who is a man; a bad animal too, corrupted by a century of licentiousness." [1770.] In the same year, our veteran author went the length of remonstrating with Smith for going on with his *Wealth of Nations*—as a jest of course, but a bitter jest. "How can you so much as entertain a thought of publishing a book full of reason, sense, and learning, to those wicked, abandoned madmen? * * * Nothing but a rebellion and bloodshed will open the eyes of that deluded people: though, were they alone concerned, I think it is no matter what becomes of them." But Hume was in grain, and had been throughout life, a faint-hearted politician. He had got from history no confidence in man or in society—no notion that freedom and civilization might have resources in reserve, more than a match for the burden of the national debt, the size of London, or the turbulence of mobs. In 1746, the present times were so calamitous, and the future prospect so dismal, that he could not congratulate his friend Oswald on the success of his election. He tells him, that he should not be much disappointed, if the parliament then elected were the last parliament we should ever see in Britain. And so he went

on, year by year, prognosticating evil; at the same time that he had not enough about him of the *ultimus Romanorum*, for his last moments to be saddened by the thought that he had nearly seen out his country. According to the views expressed to John Home, on their way to Bath, in his very last years, such, in his opinion, was the universal incapacity and want of genius, civil and military; so complete our national decay, that decline must be felt to be a feeble word. If Hume was right, it was a general break-up. The mind which is displayed in the above extracts, is not encouraging; and, we admit, Mr. Burton is entitled to ask whether Hume at any time could have been safely trusted with a history, so complicated by passion and so easily misrepresented, as that of England.

But, in coming to these conclusions, Hume did little or no violence to his nature. This is evident from the tone of all his criticisms on society, government or literature. He had constitutionally less sympathy with the highest characteristics of English genius, intellectual or moral, than antipathy to their faults. He was much more affected, for instance, by the blemishes and irregularities of Bacon and of Shakspeare, than struck by their incomparable greatness. To him, Bacon was nothing more than "a very estimable author and philosopher;" his style stiff and rigid; his wit unnatural and far-fetched. Shakspeare, "a disproportioned and misshapen giant." At the time all Europe resounded with the fame of Chatham, in Hume's eyes, Chatham was only "a greater paradox than ever—not mad—that is, not madder than usual;" but very certainly "the villain," who—strong in impudence and quackery, cunning and audaciousness—was about to thunder against the violation of the bill of rights, in not allowing the county of Middlesex to choose its members! With these views of contemporary politics and contemporary statesmen, we shall be the less surprised to learn, that in his opinion, the English constitution itself was a novelty and a failure.

Among the constituent elements of national character, none are more potent than religion. On this point we cannot be sure what view Hume really took of his contemporaries; for it is impossible to reconcile the opposite accounts which he has left of the state of religious feeling in Britain. He observes, in his "Essay on National Character," "that our ancestors were sunk, a few centuries ago, into the most abject superstition: last century, they were inflamed with the most furious enthusiasm; and are now settled into the most cool indifference with regard to religious matters, that is to be found in any nation of the world." This passage, first published in 1748, is retained in the deathbed edition of 1776. Yet, in a letter to Gibbon, written also while this last edition was passing through the press, he observes, that "among many other marks of decline, the prevalence of superstition in England prognosticated the fall of philosophy and decay of taste." There can be no doubt, that within the period comprehended between the dates which we have just mentioned, a decided change had taken place, and in the direction intimated. On the other hand, there had never been a time when religious feeling was so low, that infidel writings would not have given great and general offence; or when the public would not have distinguished between the cautious latitudinarianism of Middleton and the daring skepticism of Hume. The assailant of the national religion of a people may *consider himself* their benefactor—though Montesquieu could not

understand how that could be the case in England ; but he ought to be prepared to be considered by them as a public enemy, until he shall have succeeded in freeing them from its spiritual dominion. Hume knew our nationality. For, in his History, speaking of the excessive praise which the English bestow upon their eminent writers, he has quietly remarked, that this is owing to "the national spirit which prevails among them, and which forms their greatest happiness." Yet, this spirit, and the happiness he attributes to it, he is always on the watch for an opportunity of wounding ; and when he has succeeded, and they show that they feel hurt, he complains loudly of being ill used.

But the intenser rays of Hume's resentment were to be brought into a still more narrow focus, and concentrated on a political party. The stages which his feelings traversed in passing to the point at which they settled down, can still be distinctly traced. The circumstance of his having written the only History of England which is pleasant reading to the general reader, has enabled him to effect his object and gratify his animosities, far beyond his utmost hopes. He has accomplished what Carte and Brady labored for and longed for ; and, as far as the reaction to toryism and to tory theories of the constitution, which not long ago predominated, can be attributed to any book, it must be attributed to the subtle and attractive influence of Hume. However, the varnish is wearing off ; and the mischief apparently is nearly over. A polemical exposure and refutation, chapter by chapter, has indeed yet to be set forth ; and, it is a pity that no competent person has been induced to prepare an edition of the History, with this kind of commentary. Meantime, there is a remedy at hand. Historical conversions or perversions are now limited to persons who choose to be deceived. For, since the publication of Mr. Hallam's "History of the English Constitution," no reader of Hume, who is really desirous to know the truth upon that most important subject, can have any difficulty in discovering it.

Some of the peculiarities which we have already had occasion to mention, in speaking of the life and character of Hume, might be expected seriously to affect him as a historian. He had (he says) found the prevalent opinions concerning English history to be those of the revolution, and of the ministers who had governed under the new settlement. To these the nature of his mind placed him in opposition. He had indeed called himself a whig some years before ; but he allowed he was a very poor one. Out of the regions of speculation, and, except in what regarded his literary glory, he was constitutionally cold and tranquil. In common with his most distinguished predecessors in skepticism, Montaigne, and Bayle, and Hobbes, his inclinations in government leaned against political freedom ; and even against the conduct and institutions to which political freethinking leads. As soon as he thought the tide was turning in favor of his History, he recognized, in his growing authority, the reward of having always kept at a distance from the tempting extreme of liberty ; and of having maintained a due regard to magistracy and established government. His desire of literary distinction attracted him to debated questions, and sometimes to the weaker side. When he communicated to Burke and Blair Rousseau's secret of composition, he might have added, that he himself had also long ago perceived that a certain degree of singularity was required for catching the attention of the public, in these latter

days. The theory was a very acceptable one to a writer of so much ingenuity and refinement. A love of singularity implies a love of contradiction ; and though he was both surprised and shocked at the extent of the resistance he met with, the belief that he had earned the hatred of popular politicians and ministers of state—of Chatham, Grenville, and the Bedfords—was a certain satisfaction to his innovating and independent spirit.

But whatever the aggregate of these biases, moral and intellectual, might come to, it is very possible that Hume was not in the least conscious of them, at the commencement ; especially when he compared himself with the party writers who had gone before him. He entered upon English history as upon a possession, either vacant or worse than vacant, vilely occupied by a succession of literary settlers, without either taste or truth. On the one side were ranged Filmer and Brady, Echard, Carte, and Salmon, along with the nobler name of Clarendon. On the other, Rapin, Oldmixon, Ralph, and the like, the declamatory republicanism of Sidney, and the misleading zeal and honest credulity of Burnet. Between these two extremes there was ample room for one or more impartial histories, which lovers of truth might read with pleasure. Hume came forward as a neutral power—the personification of abstract justice—in whose presence the belligerents were to lay down their arms, and gratefully submit to his arbitrement on their conflicting claims. It is clear, from the evidence of at least a dozen letters, that, on finishing the reigns of the two first Stuarts, he thought he had perfectly maintained the neutrality which he had promised. Friends, both whig and tory, who were admitted to the intoxicating privilege of seeing the proof sheets, encouraged him in the delusion. But publication opened the eyes even of friends. The unpopularity of his first volume appears to have been distributed nearly equally among all parties : at least, in his first indignation against them all, he made no distinction ; beyond noticing a small excess on the part of the whigs—so small that the reigns of the two last Stuarts were expected to reduce, and indeed remove it. In his dying memorandum, the only reason which he can even then assign for the national outcry he had provoked, is "the generous tear," which he had presumed to shed over Charles and Strafford !

In marshalling the priorities among the different objections which were taken to his writings, Hume was long unwilling to give precedence to the offence given by his irreligion. He admitted, however, that in this respect he had been guilty of some imprudencies in his first volume ; and, though he thought they were used as pretexts for decrying him, by parties who were resolved on other accounts to lay hold of pretexts, yet he acknowledged in his private letters, that what he had said about religion should have received some softening : In consequence, he annexed an apologetic preface to the second volume. In this volume he came less in contact with religion ; it lay, he said, more out of his way. But he boasted, that he had maintained throughout "the same unbounded license" in his politics which had given so much offence before. The utmost concession to which he condescended was to wish that the two volumes had come out together. Since, as the first volume bore a little of a tory aspect, and the second of a whig, neither the one party nor the other would, in that case, have had the least pretence for reproaching him with partiality.

On the publication of the second volume, the reaction which Hume had anticipated, in some degree took place; but so feebly that he was more irritated than satisfied. Yet, what ought he to have expected? He might separate himself from the common herd of the advocates of the Stuarts, upon one or two incidental facts, (as afterwards on the character of Mary;) but the general tendency and temper of his history had been tory enough even for the Jacobites. Lord Balcarras, who had been out in '15, complimented him upon it: and, it was, undoubtedly, on a similar understanding that Strange, the Jacobite engraver, who steadily refused to engrave the House of Hanover, presented him afterwards with a set of his engravings, by way of acknowledgment for his services. In whatever happy degree of ignorance Hume may have been lapped concerning his own true state of mind and his freedom from all bias, he had not been long engaged with the Tudors before he resigned himself to his natural tendencies. The thesis, or rather brief, which he here undertook, was the justification of the Stuarts by the example of the Tudors. He then warmed with the case as it opened out to him; and committed himself to make it good, as on a personal quarrel. He had got as far as the Reformation, and had nothing more to tell Elliot than that he should be able to make a smooth and well-told tale of it. He was not able as yet to throw much light into it. (1757.) But, as he went on, he found that, though much light perhaps might not be to be thrown into it, much might yet be borrowed from it: for, on finishing the Tudor line, he exultingly told Robertson, "You will see what light and force this history of the Tudors bestows on that of the Stuarts. Had I been prudent I should have begun with it. I care not to boast; but I will venture to say, that I have now effectually stopped the mouths of all those villainous whigs who railed at me." The boast was rash. The whigs loudly protested against both means and end. The reign of Elizabeth was as obnoxious as the reign of Charles. Hume took their opposition so much to heart, that it must have been difficult for him to keep up appearances before the public. He certainly kept up none any longer with his friends, as his correspondence shows. The real extent of his partiality can have been no secret to him from this time; nor the facility with which he yielded to it; nor the arts and practices by which he strove to give it effect.

This was his frame of mind when he contracted with Miller for the completion of his history. Having tried back from the Stuarts to the Tudors, a further contradiction was now before him—that, of ending where he ought to have begun. The groundwork of the whole had to be built in last; and the skill, as well as the honesty of the builder, were severely tried in accommodating it to the superstructure already raised. Hume confessedly wearied of the drudgery of thus at last digging for his foundation. Nevertheless, though he complained that his manner of composing was slow, and that he had great difficulty in satisfying himself, he made short work of it. In less than three years, the history of fourteen centuries was begun and closed.

We believe that Hume described correctly, in his letter to Adam Smith, the reason of his beginning his History with the Stuarts. He conceived that the interest of modern politics began there. It was an after-thought, (the consequence of the controverted questions, in which his mode of treating the

period had involved him,) that he had fixed upon it, as the commencement of the misrepresentations which the spirit of party had introduced into English history. But the moment that this idea got possession of him, he looked out for facts to support his system—and for such facts only—and he wrote forever afterwards in the spirit of a polemic. His actual misrepresentations are accordingly much more distinct and palpable in the reigns of the Henries and the Edwardses, than in those of the Charleses and the Jameses. He had now staked his literary credit upon his hypothesis. Otherwise, the mere historical question—what was the degree of freedom in the ancient English constitution—would scarcely have betrayed an ordinary writer into the loss of temper and sacrifice of truth; much less a man, who prided himself on his philosophy and candor; and who was as little of an antiquarian as of a poet. One should have thought, that even a jury of antiquaries might have been safely trusted to compare the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles the First with untroubled pulses; and that nobody for the last hundred years would have given a pin to choose, whether the title by which William the Conqueror came in, was conquest, in the military, or in the legal sense. To the reader of Hume's History, however, (and who is not a reader of it?) he has made it a point of great importance; for he has made it a test of credit. On his first correction (1759) of his History of the Stuarts, he was satisfied that he should put his account of that period of English history beyond controversy. He not only convinced himself that he had succeeded; but he believed also, that by his success he had offended the whigs beyond forgiveness. So that, some years afterwards, he could attribute Mr. Grenville's procastination, about his secretaryship to the embassy, to no other cause: "I know that I have affirmed, and, what is worse, have proved, that Queen Elizabeth's maxims of government were full as arbitrary as those of the Stuarts. I know that this proposition, though now an undoubted and acknowledged truth, is contrary to the principles of sound whiggery. I know also, that Mr. Grenville, as a sound whig, bore me no good-will on that account; but I did not really think that his quarrel could have gone to such an extremity."

An array of precedents fortunately is not necessary on this occasion. For there happens to be in existence, an authority, in few words and small compass, which must settle the question with all people open to conviction. A comparison between his own government and that of Elizabeth, was made by Charles the First himself: It was made to no less a body than his Parliament; and was made for a no less solemn object than to settle the terms of peace and reconciliation. The circumstance is recorded by Clarendon; and may have escaped Hume's slight researches; for Clarendon's mention of it occurs in one of the suppressed passages, for the first time printed in 1826: "At the opening of the parliament, (which was on the third day of November, 1640,) the king very frankly delivered himself to the lords and commons, that he put his whole affairs into their hands, and was resolved to follow their advice, both in order to an agreement with the Scots, and in repairing the grievances at home, which he confessed the necessities of the times had brought upon his people. *All those, whether in church or state, he was willing should be removed; and desired that all things might be reduced to the good order and practice of Queen*

Elizabeth; which by the people of England were sure looked upon with the greatest reverence; and so he left them." Can words convey a more direct and public recognition of the fact, that the government of the Stuarts had been a change from that of the Tudors, and that the change was felt to be a grievance? Had Hume been present, would he have had the assurance to tell the king and his assembled parliament, (as a hundred years afterwards he told his own contemporaries,) that the notion of any such change as the royal speech supposes, was a vulgar error! On that solemn and critical occasion, many men must have been present who had had personal experience of both governments; and who were thoroughly conversant with the maxims of both periods. Six years sooner, and this royal declaration would have been made in the presence of Elizabeth's attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke. If the parliament men of the Long Parliament would have started at the violent hypothesis of the historian, they must have treated with still less ceremony some of the facts by which he attempted to support it. How, for instance, must they have received his garbled version of the debates of their predecessors under Elizabeth—recollecting them as they had taken place, and as they have been faithfully handed down to us by D'Ewes and Townsend, where Hume alone could know them?

Whenever a new edition of his History was called for, Hume went carefully over the text. He struck out such superfluous reflections as impeded the narrative, and those Scotticisms which disfigured the style: But, above all, he expunged whatever symptoms he could still discover of the "plaguy prejudices of whiggism," with which he affected (we should think ironically) to believe that he was too much infected when he began the work: "As I began the History with these two reigns," (James I. and Charles I.) "I now find that they, above all the rest, have been corrupted with whig rancor; and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality." (1763.) Mr. Brodie will be amused at the alleged mistakes and oversights, which he imagined he was now correcting. He must himself have had more than an inkling of the truth. For, a little later, he intimates an apprehension that he was overdoing it; still he could not resist. No more errors of fact were now left for him to retract, it seems—only errors in opinion: "I am running over again the last edition of my History, in order to correct it still further. I either soften or expunge many villanous, seditious whig strokes, which had crept into it. I wish that my indignation at the present madness, encouraged by lies, calumnies, imposture, and every infamous art usual among popular leaders, may not throw me into the opposite extreme. I am, however, sensible that the first editions were too full of those foolish English prejudices, which all nations, and all ages disavow." (1770.) Perhaps Mr. Brodie will take the trouble to compare the first and last editions; and let us know how far the tone in which Hume mentions his revisions, is not a way of talking which he had got into, and a representation of what he was feeling rather than of what he was doing. His private feelings towards the whigs of his own day, unluckily fell in too readily with his public apprehensions. He had brooded over his imaginary wrongs till he was a believer, after the manner of Rousseau, in something like a conspiracy against him. It is really melancholy to read, among the pleasant gossip with which he entertained John Home on their

way to Bath, in his last illness, the following revelation:—"From the treatment Mr. Hume met with in France, he recurred to a subject not unfrequent with him—that is, the design to ruin him as an author, by the people that were ministers at the first publication of his History, and called themselves whigs; who, he said, were determined not to suffer truth to be told in Britain. Amongst many instances of this, he told me one which was new to me. The Duke of Bedford, (who afterwards conceived a great affection for Mr. Hume,) by the suggestions of some of his party friends, ordered his son, Lord Tavistock, not to read Mr. Hume's History of England." What an instance of a whig conspiracy! Lord Chatham, we know, did the same by Lord Camelford. Supposing both Lord Chatham and the Duke of Bedford to have proceeded upon the same political exceptions, and on political exceptions only, there surely can be no question but that in both cases they acted as private persons, (as fathers or guardians,) not as whig leaders or ministers of state, plotting the ruin of an author for speaking the truth.

Hume completed his History in 1762. He had some public business, of more or less importance, to transact, the two or three years he was in office; and he got angry, and published a most unnecessary statement of his rupture with Rousseau. Excepting these, he appears to have never afterwards resumed his pen, for any weightier purpose than that of revising his former works, and writing letters. He says, in one of these letters, that, for four months, he had never gone to bed and got up, in the same mind as to where he should fix his domicile. He might have said as much, and for more than as many years, about continuing his History. On setting off for Paris, he justified to his bookseller his acceptance of his diplomatic appointment, on the ground of the use which it might be to him as an historian; and he promised to collect carefully all the materials which should cast up. The only step, however, ever taken by him towards a performance of this promise, was, running over King James' autograph memoirs, deposited in the Scotch College at Paris, and picking some curious passages out of them. When he first discovered them, he thought he had found a great treasure. The originals have since been lost; but, from his way of noticing them in his letters, and from the little use he made of them when he next revised his History, it is evident that in losing them we have merely lost a curiosity, not a thing of any value. What he mentions of them is important, however, in one sense; especially as coming from Hume. "All the discoveries I made in King James' Memoirs make against himself and his brother; and he is surely a good enough witness on that side; but I believe him also a man of veracity; and I should have put trust in any matter of fact that he told from his own knowledge. * * * * Father Gordon, of the Scots College, who has an exact memory of King James' Memoirs, was so kind as to peruse anew my History during the Commonwealth and the reigns of the two brothers; and he marked all the passages of fact where they differed from the memoirs. They were surprisingly few; which gave me some satisfaction." When every objection which he had ever started to his continuing his History had been removed, and when offers of papers, public and private, poured in on him from all sides, he abandoned the design. The old saying about poets—that they must be fed, not fattened—proved equally true of our historian. He had now

too good an income. He discovered also, that, if what he had already written would not secure him his place in literature, nothing he could now add to it would raise him higher. We must allow also for the silent influence of another cause. *Obrept non intellecta senectus!* according to Dr. Black, his health had begun to fail some years before his death; long before he was himself aware of it—which he seems only to have been during the last year. It would be otherwise difficult to justify him, for not having taken more active measures towards fulfilling the condition on which, in 1768, he received his additional pension from the king.

The following communications leave no room for mistake with respect to this condition. "General Conway demitted his office, and my commission expired of course. Lord Hertford then told me, that he and his brother had made a point with the king and the ministers, that, in consideration of my services, I should have some further provision made for me; which was immediately assented to, only loaded with *this condition* by the king, that I should seriously apply myself to the consummation of my History. I replied to my lord, that I did not think I had any further claim, either on the public or his family; and that, for a man of letters and a good economist, I had reason to esteem myself very rich."—(*Hume to Madame de Boufflers, April, 1768.*)

"I find the chains which attach me to this country multiply upon me. The king has given me a considerable augmentation of my pension, expressing, at the same time, his expectation that I am to continue my History."—(*Hume to the Marchioness de Barbezieux, May, 1768.*)

The similarity between this passage in the life of Hume and a corresponding passage in the life of Robertson, is not a little singular: and the latter should have thought of this, when he laughed at the simplicity of a bookseller in paying Hume beforehand. By the negotiations which passed between Robertson and Lord Cathcart, 1761,* it appears that Carlyle had good grounds for stating, that Robertson's patrons supposed that the consideration of the revival in his favor (1763) of the office of historiographer for Scotland, was another History of Britain. On the one hand, the king's wish to see a History of England from his pen, and Lord Bute's promise, that the encouragement should be proportioned to the work, are distinctly stated; on the other, Robertson's disclaimer of "any impatience to enter into possession before he could set to work with that particular task for which his appointments were to be given." Immediately on the publication of the History of Scotland, Lord Chesterfield had offered to propose in the House of Lords, that public encouragement should be given to the historian of Scotland to proceed to the History of England. But, at that time, he had only one answer to make to assurances of encouragement, to solicitations of friends, and offers from booksellers. It was this: "Mr. Hume, with whom, notwithstanding the contrariety of our sentiments both in religion and politics, I live in great friendship, was at that time in the middle of the subject. No consideration of interest or reputation would induce me to break in upon a field of which he had taken prior possession; and I determined that my interference with him should never be any obstruction to the sale or success of his work." Two years later (1761) the case was changed—at least Robertson thought so. Hume's history would have not only

had its first run, but would have taken its proper station in the literary system, before any work of his could possibly appear. "Besides," (he adds,) "our manner of viewing the same subject is so different or peculiar, that, (as was the case in our last books,) both may maintain their own rank, have their own partisans, and possess their own merit, without hurting each other."

On further consideration, it is probable that Robertson discovered that it would be impossible to go over the same ground again after Hume—differing from him so much in politics and religion—without the appearance, at least, of violence to their friendship. At all events, Robertson never began his history; and though, two years after the death of Hume, he was thinking of *continuing* that of his friend, yet the thought died away almost in its birth. It seems to have perished under those formidable obstacles, by which recent history is always so much obstructed—the want of materials and the danger of offence. The negotiations with Robertson for a History of England were so public that they must have been known to Hume, (though he never mentions the subject,) and cannot have been agreeable to him. Had this history been written and published during Hume's lifetime, we hope, and indeed believe, that the kindly part of his nature would have got the better of all rivalry; and that he would have been able to review a History of England by Robertson, with as much generosity as he lived to show to that of Henry. A parallel between the different views and methods of Hume and Robertson,* in treating at length so great a subject, would have been a noble study. It is not the fault of Lord Bute and George III. that we cannot make it—that there is no whig history of England which is readable—nor a better continuation of Hume than Smollett. Men of letters should feel grateful for that royal impartiality, which went even further still, when it pensioned both Hume and Beattie, Johnson and Rosseau.

We lost, it is probable, through Hume's engagement with Lord Hertford, two or three more volumes of his unrivalled history. It is a loss, which can never be identically replaced, neither by the same concise, yet lucid, and sometimes pathetic, narrative; nor by the same transparent views of society; nor by the same close observation of human affairs in the logical development of effects from causes. With the correctives which are now within the reach of every reader, there is nothing to be afraid of in Mackintosh's anticipation—that, notwithstanding its great defects, Hume's History of England will be at last placed at the head of historical compositions. Meantime, his admirers must be content with knowing, that he earned by it his release from literary labor; and in believing that, satiated with study, and provoked by criti-

* The Rev. Mr. Maitland, librarian at Lambeth, has lately written a book, and called it *The Dark Ages*. On the strength of having corrected in it certain errors into which Jortin and Robertson had fallen, he speaks of "Jortin, Robertson, and other such very miserable second-hand writers!" If Mr. Maitland had respectfully pointed out their errors, men of letters would have been obliged to him. As it is, we leave Jortin (and we hope that our confidence is not misplaced) to the protection of the archbishop. With respect to Robertson, his historical learning satisfied Gibbon—his historical philosophy commanded the eloquent admiration of Burke. Two generations, and foreign countries, have ratified the judgment of his contemporaries. If such incredible presumption, as Mr. Maitland has rocked himself into in his library chair, comes from living among old books in Lambeth Palace—commend us to a circulating library and the last new novel!

* The letters will be found in the second section of Dugald Stewart's *Life of Robertson*.

cisms, he was happier, on the whole, in the new existence into which he passed.

At the time, it was plainly a relief to him to remove for a while from Edinburgh. And while Lord Hertford's acquaintance were entertained at the companion whom the Scotch authorities had provided for him—helped, perhaps, a little now, as afterwards, by Madame de Boufflers, who was in England in 1763—the favor of a nobleman so distinguished as Lord Hertford for his piety and decorum, was an answer to all objectors. It worked, in a moment, such a change in Hume's position, as Elliot could compare only to regeneration. Hume felt that now he need not scruple applying to his friends, to exert their interest to serve him: "Henceforth, nobody can be afraid to patronise me, either as a Scotchman or a Deist." He had good grounds, he said, for knowing, that he stood high in the graces of even his most Orthodox Majesty, George the Third. To Paris, however, the fame of his learning, his infidelity, and *bonhomie*, had gone forth before him. Madame de Boufflers, mistress to the Prince de Conti, and at the very top of French society, had been so enchanted by his writings, that she had introduced herself to him by letter. But no form of words could shadow out the triumph, which was waiting for him, when he arrived in person. To call him "the mode," as Horace Walpole does, is so faint an outline of the fact, that it looks like jealousy. His reception was a rage, *une manie, un furore*.

Hume had apprehended, on removing to his new position, that he had set out too late, and that it was unsuitable to his age and temper; and his first visit to Fontainebleau certainly embarrassed and confounded him. Everybody, from the royal family downwards, seemed trying to persuade him that they considered him one of the greatest geniuses in the world. He was convinced that Louis the Fourteenth never, in any three weeks of his life, *suffered* so much flattery; and he assured Ferguson, that he found himself wishing twice or thrice a day for his easy chair, and his retreat in St. James' court. He got accustomed to it, however, in the course of a few weeks; and expresses himself satisfied, from the homage paid to himself and to Rousseau, that no nation was ever so fond of genius as the French. The dauphin (whose religion, or irreligion is still under controversy) was so much his admirer, that, on going to Versailles, the dauphin presented him, as was the custom, to his three children. These children had an eventful life before them; for they were, afterwards, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X. But they can hardly ever have been parties to a droller scene than this. At their several ages of nine, eight, and six, the little princes were set up to deliver prepared harangues to David Hume, on his philosophy and history. The youngest, poor child, could only mumble out a few unintelligible words, having forgot his panegyric by the way.

Hume was a principal figure in still stranger scenes, through the favor of the ladies. From his rebuff to Mrs. Mallet for joining their deism in the same bracket, ("We deists should know one another,") and from his admission to Dr. Gregory, that skepticism might be too sturdy a virtue for a woman, it should seem that he had no great fancy in the abstract for a female deist; but his lady friends at Paris would not hear of being excluded by any such Salique law. Lord Charlemont had made his acquaintance some sixteen years before at Turin, and retained a lively recollection of his broad

Scotch accent, his laughable French, the imbecility of his countenance, the corpulence of his person, and of his looking in his uniform, for all the world, like a train-band grocer. It was now his good fortune to fall in with him at Paris. He found him in frequent attendance on ladies' toilettes; while, at the opera, his broad unmeaning face was usually to be seen between *deux jolis minois*. Since the exhibition in the old *Fabliaux*, of Aristotle in love—down upon all-fours, and his mistress riding on his back—there has been no representation of philosophy so out of character, as it is shown us in the portrait of Hume by Madame d'Épinay. In one of the pantomimic *tableaux* then in fashion, the part of sultan was assigned to him; whose prevailing words were to win over to his love two reluctant captives. He was placed on a sofa, with the two prettiest women in Paris beside him; and there, he kept looking steadily in the face, thumping his knees and stomach, and repeating again and again, *Eh bien! mes demoiselles. Eh bien! vous voilà donc; eh bien! vous voilà, vous voilà ici!* This lasted for a quarter of an hour—when he was disgracefully turned over to officiate as a spectator; but so faithful is the sex, that the women persisted in considering a supper incomplete without him. "They believe in Mr. Hume," (writes Horace Walpole;) "the only thing in the world that they believe implicitly; which they must do; for I defy them to understand any language which he speaks." Two of the houses of most fame, kept open at this time for men of wit and learning by celebrated women, were the hostile houses of Madame du Deffands and Madame Geoffrin. Hume's friendship with D'Alembert was in his way with the first; his devotion to Madame de Boufflers with the second. There is no doubt of Madame de Boufflers' merits, nor of Hume's sincere regard for her; but when we remember Horace Walpole's description of the two women of whom she was composed, Hume's letters to her startle us by an air of sentiment, which, in a man of his age and character, it seems equally out of place to feel or to put on. Before a year is over, we find him assuring her, that, among other obligations, which he owed her without number, she had saved him from a total indifference towards everything in human life. Whatever fault Walpole might find with the taste of the national simile by which he proceeds to enforce his claim upon her, he could hardly reproach it for being pedantic: "I will never, but with my life, be persuaded to part with the hold which you have been pleased to afford me; you may cut me to pieces, limb by limb—but, like those pertinacious animals of my country, I shall expire still attached to you, and you will in vain attempt to get free." If he could dispose of his fate, nothing, he says, would have been so much his choice, as to live always where he might cultivate her friendship. On his quitting Paris, he complains of the pains of absence; of the continual want he is feeling of her society; that he had accustomed himself to think of her as a friend from whom he was never to be long separated. A little later, our Corydon or Colin is looking forward to their reunion: "I have a project of accompanying you to Lyons. Would to God it were possible for us to take our flight thence into Italy, and from thence, if you would, into Greece! Might we not settle in some Greek island, and breathe the air of Homer—or Sappho, or Anacreon! in tranquillity and great opulence?" Great opulence is a prudent condition to saxagenarian romance. But, even

with this condition, we are as much at a loss to recognize our old acquaintance, or to know what to make of him in his new disguise, as when we left him—reiterating *eh bien*, and mistaking his stomach for his heart.

But the sex were no longer undisputed sovereigns in French society. They had admitted the philosophers to share their sovereignty; and were obliged to yield a part of their empire. Of the change which accordingly had already taken place, and of the further changes which were in progress, there could be no phenomenon more characteristic than the several experiences of Horace Walpole and David Hume, who at this time met in Paris. Walpole was a man of wit and of the world; and was much more than three fourths French. But, he was a Frenchman of the age of Madame de Sévigné and of Louis XIV. Hume was a reserved and studious recluse; sufficiently French in his literary and social tastes; though unfortunately so little French in point of language, that he was with difficulty understood. To make up for these deficiencies, he was the *grand et gros philosophe Ecossais*; whose name, only two or three years before, had been struck out of Helvetius' MS. by the Paris censors. Walpole was now admitted into the salons, as any other handsome piece of furniture of the time of Louis Quatorze. But Hume was carried about and venerated as an idol. The judgment which they severally formed upon the taste and agreeableness of French society, followed the nature of their reception in it. "Hume" (Walpole observes) "gratefully admires the tone of Paris—having never known any other tone." Of all the innovations upon the ancient canons of good company, the one which most delighted Hume, while it evidently in the same degree offended Walpole, was the circumstance, that you now met the men of letters everywhere. The conversation had become too literary to please Walpole. Its style he thought solemn and pedantic; or only animated by disputes. They wanted nothing but George Grenville and Lord Lyttleton (if the latter would only once more turn free-thinker) to make their conversations, or rather dissertations, the most tiresome upon earth. According to his fancy, their taste was worst of all; for, when they read our authors, their favorites were Richardson and Hume.

On one point, and on one alone, are Walpole and Hume agreed in their description of this celebrated society. They both testify to its predominant unbelief. After having resided a few months in it, Hume addresses a very interesting letter to his clergy friends at Edinburgh in common; in which he notices particularly "the universal contempt of all religion among both sexes, and among all ranks of men." It is impossible to reconcile this statement with the interpretation, which some matter-of-fact people have put upon a passage in another letter, where, mentioning the men of letters whom he found at Paris, he tells Blair, "that it would give him, and Jardine, and Robertson, great satisfaction to find that there was not a single deist among them." The proper reading of this pleasantry is not far to seek. Diderot, speaking to Romilly when a young man, about Hume, illustrated by a singular anecdote the objection of Diderot's compatriotes to the limited nature of Hume's skepticism: "Je vous dirai un trait de lui; mais il vous sera un peu scandaleux peut-être, car vous Anglais vous croyez un peu en Dieu; pour nous autres, nous n'y croyons guères. Hume dîna dans une grande compagnie avec le Baron D'Holbach. Il

était assis à côté du Baron; on parla de la religion naturelle: 'Pour les Athées,' disait Hume, 'je ne crois pas qu'il en existe; je n'en ai jamais vu.' 'Vous avez été un peu malheureux,' répondit l'autre, 'vous voici à table avec dix-sept, pour la première fois.' This anecdote agrees perfectly with Hume's recollection of himself and his Paris friends, as long afterwards dropped out incidentally, in a curious letter to Sir John Pringle about the young pretender. After observing, that Lord Marischal (Keith) and Helvetius had told him that the young pretender had learned from the philosophers at Paris to affect a contempt of all religion, he adds, "they thought that they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed, both of them used to laugh at me, for my narrow way of thinking in these particulars." The same thing happened to Voltaire—who, also, had to inform his atheist admirers, that they did him too much honor in assuming that he was one of them; that he had laughed indeed at St. Medard and the Bulle; but the universe embarrassed him—that a clock supposed a clockmaker—and that, if there had not been a God, it would have been necessary to invent one. Grim, too, we recollect, makes himself very merry with the Patriarch's strange weakness, in still sticking to his *Dieu Remunérateur Vengeur*.

Lord Chesterfield approached nearer, it would seem, to Hume than Walpole, in thinking that the good company of Paris continued to be better than that of London, however much its ancient standards of taste might be falling into disrepute. But he agreed with Walpole on another point of much more importance. The men of the world at that time seem to have been wiser in their generation, than the great paper politician. Ten or twelve years earlier, among Lord Chesterfield's instructions to his son, we find him putting him upon his guard against a social current, as powerful as that of Niagara, which he perceived was setting in: "All the symptoms which I have ever met with in history, previously to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France." (1753.) To be sure, he rather damaged his prediction, by supposing that the rest of Europe would be all the quieter. Walpole remarks, as he is moving up and down their serious, though brilliant salons: "Good folks! they have no time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down first! and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition." Hume, too, was present, looking on for the space of two years, and unwittingly taking part. But he too saw no handwriting on the wall. There is not a single passage in a single letter, intimating any likelihood that their supper tables were to be overturned, and that other *tableaux* would become the fashion. Ten years afterwards, indeed, he had taken a kind of alarm; but, as shortsighted in the nature of the danger, as of the means of meeting it. The French king, he thought, had ruined the state by recalling the parliament; and Brienne was the only man in France to save it! Hume appears to have considered the decline of France to be a case of chronic debility; while, of the ills of England—its national debt, its factions, its popular elections—some disgusted, and all alarmed him. He speaks of England as a country to fly from; while, to all appearance, France would have found him, in 1789, in confident repose. A good many French gentlemen were in London in the spring of 1768, and witnessed our election riots; most of them, as Hume believed, returned very happy that they were born under a

government not liable to these inconveniences; "which," he adds, "is a fortunate way of thinking,"—so entirely did he agree with them. Notwithstanding his great sagacity in reasoning out the past, we see no proof of his having had a proportionate mastery over the probabilities of present politics; and nothing in him, therefore, of that statesmen-like astrology by which the nativity of the future is often cast. The other great problem for the politicians of those times, was the probable issue of our differences with America. Here Hume was nearer right than Robertson. His want of confidence in Lord North having head enough for such great operations, or that a lukewarm coward like Gage could retrieve in the field the deficiencies of the cabinet, were surer grounds to go upon, than his belief that the British empire was in its decline. Besides, he was "an American on principle;" objecting to distant colonies—being of opinion also, that, abstractedly, "a republican form of government is by far the best,"—one of its great advantages, in the eyes of Hume, over a mixed monarchy, consisting in the fact, that it would considerably abridge its liberty!

In the opinion which he formed of individuals, Hume appears to have been occasionally misled, to an extent which we should have thought impossible. We have mentioned his opinion of Brienne's capacity for government: It is only on a par with the extravagance of his panegyrics upon Rousseau—continued up to the day they quarrelled. He tells Blair, in December, 1765, that Rousseau in many things very much resembles Socrates; only that the comparison in some particulars is to the advantage of his friend (!) Next October, he writes to Smith: "He is a composition of whim, affectation, wickedness, vanity, and inquietude, with a very small, if any, ingredient of madness. These ruling qualities, together with ingratitude, ferocity and lying, make up the whole of his composition." Mistakes in character are sometimes dearly paid for. France paid for the mistake, which others made as well as Hume respecting Brienne, in the Revolution of 1790: a catastrophe which Brienne did as much to hasten, as any, the very worst of the experimental ministers, who passed along that tremulous stage before the curtain fell. No two persons, we suppose, so thoroughly unlike as Hume and Rousseau, ever thought before of setting up a friendship. They resembled each other in nothing, but in the belief that they had been both made martyrs, on account of the singularity of their opinions. The penalty of this preposterous alliance, Hume was obliged to pay himself. He felt severely, not only the European scandal of a breach between two such famous philosophers and friends; but the vexation also, of the only controversy, literary or personal, in which he ever descended as a principal into the public lists. He was wounded at so many points in this affray—though with no sin to answer for beyond a generous vanity in wishing to carry off the glory of being Rousseau's keeper—that he esteemed his relations with this madman among the misfortunes of his life. In settling the elements of Rousseau's character, Hume should have made more allowance, we think, for his madness; for a very little of that goes a long way, and the whole composition is penetrated and affected by it.

In less than two years, Lord Hertford removed from Paris to the viceroyalty of Ireland. Hume remained for a few months in charge of the embassy; and the threads of one or two discussions of some consequence were left in his hands. They

related to Dunkirk and Canada, and arose out of the peace of Paris. These creditably disposed of, he returned to London to give an account of his stewardship; to thank the king for his goodness; and to settle the celebrated Rousseau, who (he boasts) had rejected invitations from half the princes of Europe, to put himself under his protection. A vision of the Irish secretaryship under Lord Hertford had for a few weeks been floating before him. On mentioning this to Blair, he asks: "What does the doctor (Robertson) say at present to these great folding doors, opened to all the chimeras of ambition! Alas! they may be thrown open much wider, if possible; none of these chimeras will enter. Philosophy, with her severe brows, guards the passage; while Indolence, in affright, is ready to throw herself out at the window. Mr. Hume recommends himself to Ferguson and Jardine, and John Adams and Mrs. Adams, and to all the Poker—and desires the prayers of the faithful for him on this occasion." He hated, from the bottom of his heart, the thought of Dublin as a residence. It was moving out of light into darkness. And he did not much more fancy the duties of the office, either public or private. Yet, what the proverb says of towns and women who begin to parley, is equally true of men. He would have agreed to go, in spite of his better genius—and Lord Hertford would certainly have taken him—but for the timidity of Lord Rockingham, then minister; and for what Lord Hertford called the world—"which would not have it so." With regard to Lord Hertford's wishes, there can be no doubt, after a scene which took place at Paris before he resigned the embassy. Hume thus describes it, writing home:—"One day last spring, Lord Hertford came into my room, and told me that he had heard of many people who endeavored by their caresses to persuade me that I ought to remain in France; but he hoped that I would embrace no scheme of life which would ever separate him and me. He now loved me as much as ever he esteemed me; and wished we might pass our lives together. He had resolved several times to have opened his breast so far to me; but, being a man of few words and no professions, he had still delayed it; and he now felt himself much relieved by this declaration of his desires and intentions." Nevertheless, after all, Lord Hertford was obliged to tell him that the scheme of the Irish secretaryship must be given up. "He was not at liberty to indulge his inclinations in favor of one whose abilities and ease in business he had so long experienced." For he had been assured that, by naming him, (with the particular additional prejudices which prevailed at that moment against the Scotch,) he should condemn his own administration. Their friendship, however, was to be the same as ever. He should have the same wish to serve him; and, for any services he might render him, he asked for no other return than that he would pass with him all the time he could spare: since it would be a happiness to him to receive him in Dublin or any part of the world—"let the prejudices and follies of mankind be what they will."*

* Mr. Croker either reads or writes so carelessly (perhaps both) that he should be a gentle critic on the mistakes of others. In a note to Boswell's Johnson, he says—(Vol. I., 225.)—"He has in his possession proof that when Lord Hertford (whose private secretary in his embassy to Paris Hume had been) was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, his lordship declined continuing him in the same character, alleging as a reason, the dissatisfaction that it would excite on account of Hume's anti-religious principles." Now, Hume was at no time Lord

Hume was perfectly satisfied with Lord Hertford's explanation : and could not look about him, indeed, without seeing the necessity. A little while before, a printer had been called before the House of Lords for publishing a letter from Wilkes, in which he had complained of the Scotch complexion of Lord Hertford's embassy, and especially of Hume. It is possible that an additional objection against placing Hume in the front rank of the Irish government, might be his infidelity : though if this were so, the objection was a capricious one—or, some of the public men of that period have been grossly libelled. His being a Scotchman, was at that time sufficient of itself, to justify the head of an administration in giving way. Another manager, of a different company of performers, was under the like necessity of humoring his public. So afraid was Garrick of the prejudice which our unfortunate nation then lay under, that in 1769, on bringing out one of John Home's tragedies, he changed its name from *Rivine* (the heroine of one of Ossian's fragments) into that of the *Fatal Discovery* : and, "in order more effectually to disguise its origin, procured a young English gentleman, a student from Oxford, to attend at the rehearsals and personate the author!" And Hume himself mentions in a letter that the play had escaped, by its author lying concealed. Facts like these were not likely to dispose him to take a more friendly view of the English people. Nor ought they. But with regard to his appointment to Ireland, he must have felt himself from the first equally unfitted for either leading the debates of an Irish House of Commons, or leading the potatoes of the Irish gentry out of it.

He was easily reconciled, therefore, to the exchange of the political importance of an Irish secretary, for the solid compensation of a pension of £400 a year for life. Lord Hertford's further offer to make him keeper of the black rod, (£900 a year,) while a deputy was to do the duty at £300, he declined—"not as unjust, but as savoring of greediness." There is no reason to believe that he ever at any time regretted that he had not gone to Ireland. Should he have ever done so, it must, we think, have been on recollecting, that, protected by distance, he would, in that case, have avoided his most troublesome and ludicrous misadventures with Rousseau. In the mean time, he is very merry at Boswell's, gallanting Mademoiselle la Vasseur, Rousseau's housekeeper, to London. Boswell, it may be remembered, had told Hume that he was not clear that it was right in him to keep company with Hume himself! We wonder whether Johnson, who grumbled at Boswell for having made acquaintance, while abroad, with Rousseau and Wilkes, ever heard the lengths his friend had gone, in hunting down *célébrités*, on this last occasion. But Hume had no great cause for mirth. He was as ridiculously matched himself,

Hertford's private secretary at Paris, nor was it, as his private secretary, that Lord Hertford had been desirous of taking him with him to Dublin. But next, and principally, Lord Hertford did not decline appointing Hume Irish secretary, but was overruled by others ; at least this was certainly Lord Hertford's own account to Hume. We shall be sorry to find that Mr. Croker has in his possession the proof which he supposes ; for it is impossible to reconcile the two statements. Lord Hertford, the patron of Hume, has been hitherto believed to be a man of exemplary truth and virtue. There was, to be sure, another, and a very different Lord Hertford, with whom Mr. Croker was better acquainted, we believe ; but with whom, he must not confound him.

and much more dangerously, when shepherding the lady's master. He must, at times, have thought it an odd fate, which united him to literary madmen—to have begun with Lord Annandale, and ended with Rousseau.

George III. began his reign, through necessity or policy, with short administrations. In the course of a few months, Lord Rockingham resigned, and the Burkes with him. General Conway, however, (much to the anger of the party,) continued secretary of state ; and he immediately replaced William Burke, his late under secretary, by Hume. He was necessarily well acquainted with his qualifications. He had not only his brother, Lord Hertford's, word for them ; but, also, his own experience in the official correspondence which they had formerly carried on together. By his own account to Blair of his office life, Hume appears to have had a very easy time of it ; only inclining to be dull. "My way of life here is very uniform, and by no means disagreeable. I pass all the forenoon in the secretary's house, from ten till three, where there arrive messengers that bring me all the secrets of the kingdom, and indeed of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I am seldom hurried ; but have leisure, at intervals, to take up a book, or write a private letter, or converse with any friend that may call on me ; and from dinner to bed-time is all my own. If you add to this, that the person with whom I have the chief, if not the only transactions, is the most reasonable, equal-tempered, and gentlemanlike man imaginable, and Lady Aylesbury the same, you will certainly think I have no reason to complain—and I am far from complaining. I only shall not regret when my duty is over ; because, to me, the situation can lead to nothing—at least in all probability ; and reading and sauntering, and lounging and dosing, which I call thinking, is my supreme happiness—I mean my full contentment." Two or three lines, in which he tells Sir Gilbert Elliot that he was "continuing his parasitical practices—that is, dining at all the great tables that remained in London"—completed his present picture. Under these circumstances, the monthly, weekly, and almost daily reports, that his principal was going out, would not break his sleep. In little more than a twelvemonth the report came true ; and Hume took it very quietly. He had trebled his income in the last three years, and was now worth nearly twelve hundred pounds a year. With this, in 1768, he withdrew to Edinburgh—thinking it better suited to a studious, independent turn even than London ; and, on the whole, as good a place as any other for his remaining years.

He had been all along more of a Scotchman at heart, we suspect, than he was probably himself aware. At all events, Edinburgh was his natural home. There could be no place, where his presence would be felt to be so great an honor ; none, where his society would give so much pleasure ; none, where so many friendly faces would brighten round him, in sickness or old age. The tables, too, were now turned. The mob of gentlefolks, to whose neglect before he had been so weakly sensitive, would be curious enough to listen with their own ears to the favorite of princesses and ministers. His politics also were rising in favor. If he had been asked—from what quarter a cloud might again be creeping up to disturb him, there was probably none from which he would have less anticipated evil, than from his old metaphysics. Nevertheless, so it was. Subjects, which he had laid aside for twenty years, were now brought up against him ;

and he was attacked on them more bitterly and more effectively than at any former period. Beattie's *Essay on Truth* was published in 1770. The most distinguished of his former adversaries, Campbell and Reid for instance, had approached him with the utmost deference, even when they most differed from him. It was strange to him, therefore, to be singled out for attack anew, at his advanced age, and after his foreign triumphs; but, above all, to be attacked for the first time in a most offensive tone. Hume complained, accordingly, that he was not treated like a gentleman. Beattie's bad manners did not prevent him from being warmly patronised at Edinburgh by Dr. John Gregory, and by the ungrateful Blacklock. Nevertheless, he had the prudence to perceive that Hume had still too many friends about him there, to make it safe to leave Aberdeen, and trust himself amongst them in a professor's chair. But Hume had few to fight a battle for him in London. There the *Essay on Truth* was still more warmly welcomed. It was received, indeed, as the long-delayed avenger of insulted Christianity. Johnson and Mrs. Montagu (no longer friends) joined to do honor to its author. He was rewarded by a pension from the crown; and was presented by Reynolds with a portrait of himself. Reynolds introduced into the picture an attendant angel, who is represented driving downwards three hideous allegorical figures; two of which were supposed to be Voltaire and Hume. Sir William Forbes says, in the first volume of his *Life of Beattie*, that he has reason to believe that Reynolds had no such thought; yet he has printed in the second volume a letter from Reynolds himself to Beattie—from which it is very evident that, in this instance at least, Hume was not suspicious without fair cause. "Mr. Hume has heard from somebody, that he is introduced into the picture not much to his credit: there is only a figure, covering his face with his hands, which they may call Hume or anybody else; it is true it has a tolerably broad back. As for Voltaire, I intended he should be one of the group." The combative Johnson maintained, as a general proposition, that it was for an author's good that he should be attacked. It drew a crowd. Hume, he said, had been the better for all previous antagonists. The *Essay on Truth* was an exception, only because the confutation was complete. Johnson thought that he had had a turn for metaphysics in his youth. We should doubt it. He was more in his true element, we suspect, when vindicating the manner than the matter of the *Essay*. To treat an adversary with respect, was, in Johnson's opinion, giving him an advantage to which he was not entitled. It was striking soft in a battle. Besides, if Hume were the great man he thought himself, to attack him was throwing peas against a rock.

It was an untoward accident for Hume, that Warburton first, and Johnson afterwards, gave the law in letters so long to London. Johnson could never hear with temper the mention of Hume's name. But when he put in a special protest against the unbelief of Hume, grounded on the supposition that Hume had acknowledged to a Durham clergyman, that he had never read the New Testament with attention—we suspect that Hume might have, on equally good grounds, objected to any judgment by Johnson on his writings. He probably never read more of them than to pick out the materials for a criticism on his style. How uncertain are reputations! Literary more perhaps than any other. Who can presume to say, what seed

will grow? For instance, how little could Johnson have anticipated the proportion between the readers of his most applauded writings, and the readers of Hume, by the year 1846! Above all, what would he think of the judgment, which the world has come to between their styles? The cumbrous and sonorous Latin of his own *Rambler*—"the long-resounding march" which he thought he had added to the English language—is already buried under its multitude of words: while the most fastidious purist in style is yet led captive by the inimitable charms—often ungrammatical and unidiomatic, but always clear, lively, and attractive—of the Scotchman civilized in France. Johnson was understood to know more of mere books than most of his contemporaries: but he seems to have had too great an abhorrence of the principles of Voltaire and Hume, to have learned even the dates of their respective writings. Otherwise he would never have said, that Hume was an echo of Voltaire; and that he would never have written history, if Voltaire had not written it before him. Hume began his *History* 1752, and published the first volume 1754. Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, was only published in 1752: and the first stolen and mutilated copy of his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, in 1754. If Johnson had said, that the historical light, which broke out in Scotland with so much splendor towards the middle of the last century, was to be tracked to Montesquieu, he would have been much nearer the truth. Whenever Johnson happened to agree with Hume in his principles, he either differed from him in their application, as in the argument on miracles, and in basing morals on utility; or he would not allow him any merit for them, as in the case of politics. Hume, was a tory, he said, by accident. We wonder what would have been the list of accidents, which Johnson would have named. Skepticism in religion could hardly have been one of them, in his case more than in that of Bolingbroke—notwithstanding precedents. Yet, there does appear to be a tendency in thoughtful minds, after taking off the restraints of religion from society, to reimpose them in another form. In his horror of that skepticism, Johnson would gladly have denied a happy life to skeptics, or a happy death. He grudged Hume his supposed tranquillity; and, undoubtedly, would have rejoiced to have seen him in the plantations, working at the same gang, to which he wished he could have sent Rousseau. It was all vanity and lying, if Hume affected not to dread annihilation. When the last hour itself should really come, it came in Johnson's bewildered imagination so terrible to all, that he made no distinction of persons. He appears to have been almost incapable of believing in or understanding a happy death. The triumphant deathbeds of the family of Wesley were quite as inconceivable to him, as the levity of Hume's last moments; and his playful admission of having no excuse to offer, for not getting with a good grace into Charon's boat.

Without being well acquainted with persons, it is not easy to gauge their state of mind at particular periods. The life of a company sometimes returns home to yawn or cry; others, who do not care at all for society—and for whom, therefore, society does not care—do not know what it is to be dull, when with their children or their books. Others, again, you must not judge of by their letters. They have a foolish habit of scene-painting in words. Their autobiography, as transmitted by the post, is always colored above or below the truth. How far, the last was at all the case with

Hume, we cannot say. But, when the world was at its best with him, his letters do not describe his inner life—that life which a man really lives to himself and not to others—in very engaging terms. Writing to Baron Mure from Paris, where he was encircled by the great, the learned, and the ladies, and when he had only time to open a book which might be the subject of conversation, all he presumes to say of his fretful being is: "I am well enough pleased with this change of life; and a satiety of study had beforehand prepared the way for it. However, time runs off in one course of life as well as another, and all things appear so much alike, that I am afraid of falling into total stoicism and indifference about everything." Among the instances he gives of his indifference, is the pending secretaryship. What if Mure and Elliot had compared letters? It would not be reasonable to expect that two years later, especially in a letter to Madame de Boufflers, he should make a more favorable report of London: "The best company are usually, and more so at present, in a flame of politics; the men of letters are few, and not very sociable; the women are not in general very conversable. Many a sigh escapes me for your sweet and amiable conversation; I paint you to myself all serenity, and cannot believe that ever I had the misfortune to displease you." This picture of himself to the same lady in 1772, and of his first Edinburgh friends, is still less flattering:—"I have totally and finally retired from the world, with a resolution never more to appear on the scene in any shape. This purpose arose, not from discontent, but from satiety. What other project can a man of my age entertain? Happily, I found my taste for reading return, even with greater avidity, after a pretty long interruption; but I guard myself carefully from the temptation of ever writing any more; and though I have had great encouragement to continue my History, I am resolved never again to expose myself to the censure of such factious and passionate readers as this country abounds with. There are some people here conversable enough; their society, together with my books, fills up my time sufficiently, so as not to leave any vacancy; and I have lately added the amusement of building, which has given me some occupation. I have now no other object but to sit down and think; and die in peace." He did so; and died in peace, August 25, 1776.

It is only as a thinker and a writer, that men have for a long time thought of Hume. But, his personal character throws light on his understanding; and the publication of his correspondence has, for the first time, put the public in possession of materials for forming an independent judgment of its own upon it. He is justly said to seem, in different parts of his writings, to have had two minds. We should be tempted to say the same of his character. "He alone (observes Mackintosh, comparing him with Burke and Smith and Montesquieu) appears to have possessed the sort of intellectual versatility—the power of contracting the mental organs to the abstractions of speculative philosophy, or of dilating them for the large and complicated deliberations of business." In his own time, his learning appears to have been almost equally looked up to by his friends. He was evidently a great reader. Since, although we find him saying in a pet that all good books are soon read, he has also testified that over reading was the only debauch of which he was ever guilty. On borrowing a Strabo for his essay on the *Populousness of Ancient Nations*, he

mentioned that he had read through almost every classical author, Greek and Latin, while collecting materials for that single paper. Hume's knowledge, however, was an affair of use, not ornament. His French was apparently little better than his Latin—while his Greek must have been, by his own showing, a good deal worse. His Latin had a noble contempt for prosody and syntax, which would have delighted Johnson, (whose masculine sense loved to disport in the amenities of modern Latin,) as much as it would have shocked Buchanan. Witness his metamorphosis of a line of Ovid—

Nam simul ac mea caluerant pectora Musa!

He took only four books with him to Paris; they were Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, and Tasso. In an early letter to Hutcheson, he calls Horace one of the best moralists of antiquity. We should have expected, therefore, that he would have learned more of Horace's real character by this time, than to think that he would not have been tempted from his retreat at the age of fifty, to mingle among courtiers, or enter on the paths of ambition.

Of Hume's historical writings we have said enough, both in praise and censure. The leading characteristics of his metaphysics and of his morals have been necessarily brought under discussion again and again in this journal. They are admirably examined also, the first by Dugald Stewart, the last by Mackintosh, in their Preliminary Dissertations to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Universal skepticism proves too much for any practical purpose whatsoever. When it has thrown out its speculations "for the entertainment of the learned and metaphysical world," not only do all subjects retain their ancient relative proportions, but the skeptic himself is found looking at life, and at every one of its realities, pretty much in the same way with other people. So said Hume of himself, his opinions, and his feelings, on his mother's death. Skeptical reasonings, also, are of two kinds. Whether they regard the mysterious connexion of cause and effect, or the more palpable cases of an outer world or of existence itself, they may amount either to a denial of the possibility of any evidence on these questions—or only to a denial of some particular species of proof. All ages have probably produced skeptics of both sorts. Of those of the first sort who figured in the last age, we need only mention Foucher, Leibnitz's correspondent, Arthur Collier, and Bishop Berkeley. Collier affirmed that he had demonstrated the utter impossibility of an external world. Even Turgot considered it to be impossible, that a man could have any turn for metaphysics, unless he had at some time doubted the existence of matter. Descartes appears to have only conceded the existence of an external world to the irresistible inclination of all men to believe in one. Hume has been usually understood to belong to the highest class of doubters; and, in a note, (F,) to his essay called *The Skeptic*, he defends that extreme doctrine against the consequences imputed to it. But in one of his letters, evidently a late one, he appears to have descended into the lower class; and to have questioned the mode of proof only, not the possibility. What he says of his reasonings concerning cause and effect, may be extended to his idealism; especially if we add to Descartes' concession the doctrine of Leibnitz:—"Que la vérité des choses sensibles ne consistait que dans la liaison des phénomènes, qui devaient avoir sa raison; et que c'est ce qui les distingue des songes." The letter in question belongs to that mod-

ification of Hume's later views, to which Dugald Stewart has referred in his Preliminary Dissertation, (312.) Reid might, perhaps, have put it among the other evidence of his forgetting his metaphysics. It is an answer to an unknown correspondent; and expresses some displeasure at being misunderstood:—"Allow me to tell you, that I never asserted so absurd a proposition as *that anything might arise without a cause*. I only maintained that our certainty of the falsehood of that proposition proceeded neither from intuition nor demonstration, but from another source. That Cæsar existed—that there is such an island as Sicily—for these propositions, I affirm, we have no demonstrative nor intuitive proof—would you infer that I deny their *truth*, or even their certainty? There are many different kinds of certainty; and some of them as satisfactory to the mind, though perhaps not so regular, as the demonstrative kind. Where a man of sense mistakes my meaning, I own I am angry; but it is only with myself, for having expressed my meaning so ill, as to have given occasion to the mistake." The world certainly had mistaken him. And under that mistake, the metaphysical schools of Europe have been chiefly occupied for nearly a century past, in supporting or opposing his opinions. If we are admitted to the benefit of other proofs; if, to the *nihil est in intellectu quod non erat in sensibus*, we may add the *nisi intellectus ipse*, we are restored to all the liberty which speculation can desire—since the *intellectus ipse* may comprehend either the ideas of Plato, or universal fixed conceptions and necessary truths, or only the humbler revelations of experience, and common sense. But it is as difficult, in the case of Hume as of Cicero, to be always sure of his real meaning. In the "Dialogues on Natural Religion," he supposes even his sceptic to be merely trying his strength by way of exercise. Philo himself is represented as being at heart a believer in natural religion:—"I must confess," he says, "that I am less cautious on the subject of natural religion than on any other; both because I know that I can never, on that head, corrupt the principles of any man of common sense; and because no one, I am confident, in whose eyes I appear a man of common sense, will ever mistake my intentions." With these opinions attributed to his sceptic, Montesquieu and Franklin would only have complained (and justly) that he had not drawn his line of argument broad enough and straight enough for ordinary readers.

We agree with Paley in wondering that Hume should have considered his Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals, as incomparably the best of all his writings. Cicero (whose moral writings he professes to admire so much) would certainly never have adopted his theory, of utility being the sole and exclusive ground of all moral distinctions. We cannot even conceive that Hume is serious in asserting, that the notion of the will having anything to do with morals, was a novelty brought in by theologians; and surely the merest theologian that ever dogmatized *ex cathedra*, can never have narrowed the notion of virtue more absurdly, than Hume has stretched it, when, according to his paradoxical account of virtue, to want a limb, a faculty, an affection, or a principle, are all equally moral wants! In this case, it is only by a strange abuse of language, and by a torpidity of moral nature quite as strange, that Hume can have supposed the source of moral approbation and disapprobation to be, nevertheless, derived from sentiment.

Hume's talents appear to least advantage in his strictly literary criticisms. There is a poverty about most of them, a want of sympathy with the higher order of genius, which makes them almost as flat and as discouraging as Kames' *Elements*. It belonged probably to his constitutional coldness; and is even more disagreeable than the anatomical composure which Hutcheson complained of in his treatment of morals. The rougher way in which Johnson stalks over the favorite haunts of imagination and poetry, trampling down their flowers, is perhaps more provoking, but, on the other hand, it is more amusing. Where either the nationality of Hume, or his friendliness, or his generous interest in obscure merit, were put in motion, there was an end of his judgment altogether. Mr. Burton says, and truly, that no Scotsman could write a book of respectable talent, without calling forth Hume. "Wilkie was to be the Homer, Blacklock the Pindar, and Home the Shakspeare, or something greater, of his country. On those who were his rivals in his own peculiar walks—Adam Smith, Robertson, Ferguson, and Henry, he heaped the same honest-hearted commendation. He urged them to write; he raised the spirit of literary ambition in their breasts; he found publishers for their works; and, when these were completed, he trumpeted the praises of the author through society." Wilkie's *Epigoniad* was the second epic in the language; Home's *Douglas* the only tragedy. It was long before he could bring his scepticism to bear on the authenticity of Ossian. And this was not from being dazzled by the genius of Macpherson; who, in his opinion, had, "of all men, the most anti-historical head in the universe." But his national pride was captivated at first by the phenomenon of an Erse epic; and, afterwards, he was loath to expose the credulity of Blair, in whom the poet had got the better of the antiquary. It is curious to observe the several stages through which his convictions passed upon this subject; from his believing letter of 1760, to his doubting letters of 1763; ending at last in the scornful essay on the genuineness of Ossian's poems, which he left in MS. behind him.

During the middle ages, we all know how frequently the house of Douglas convulsed and divided Scotland. But nobody could have anticipated that it was reserved for it, in the present state of society, once more to agitate the country from one end to the other. Yet such was the fate of the *Douglas cause*. Hume took a deep interest in the question, in common with all his countrymen. In siding against the legitimacy, he was probably influenced from the first by his friendship for Andrew Stuart. But all possible considerations heaped together, and fired into a blaze, are necessary to account for the eagerness with which he watched its progress, and for the passion he threw into it. "Idiots," is as mild a word as he can find for judges, in whose opinions Lord Mansfield afterwards, and the House of Lords concurred.

The *conspectus* of a life, such as is contained in the correspondence collected in these volumes, ought to afford the means of a decisive judgment on the character of the individual; yet, there is one point on which we hesitate in the present instance—the conclusion which we should draw regarding it, is so much at variance with the character which Hume has attributed to himself, and which his contemporaries appear to have all agreed in giving him. But certainly, if we were to disregard the testimony, and to judge only from the revelations of

himself, contained in this correspondence, we should be obliged to say, that we miss in him the philosophical spectator of human life; we miss the equality of temper and serenity of mind—the superiority to trifles, the steady love for others, and unflinching confidence in their love for him—among the calm yet earnest qualities which we had made sure of finding. Some of his best and oldest friends slip through his fingers; he merely relaxes his hand and lets them fall. Oswald seemingly had taken pet about a dinner scene, where Hume had affronted his bishop-brother, by jesting about being made an Irish bishop himself—a sore subject in those days. Hume drops him without an effort. He afterwards writes about Lord Kames, his old friend, in an estranged and scoffing tone. We have seen, for what a trifle (we should rather say for what an act of kindness) he was ready to cast off Mure. Among these letters, there is a still stranger outbreak against Lord Elibank, for differing with him on the character of Queen Mary! That quarrel, however, was got over, as well as that with Mure; and Lord Elibank, we are glad to see, was one of the small dinner party, which he bespoke to be ready for him on his return from Bath, before embarking in Charon's boat.

Hume began life by looking at human nature as a heathen would have looked at it; taking his notion of virtue, he says, out of "Cicero's Offices," rather than from the "Whole Duty of Man." Those who are of opinion that there can be no morality except what is based on Christianity, or perhaps on some one favorite form of it, will have already passed sentence upon Hume. But some may be found, who are content to judge of him after his own views and principles. Such persons will look at the whole case; and will hear witness to character. There is the abounding testimony of Adam Smith, never doubted except in its excess. There is the friendship of Robertson and Blair; and of the most eminent clergy of a religious city—difficult to be maintained for years, under any circumstances—impossible, unless the character and conduct of Hume had been above fear and above reproach. But more, there are unconditional admissions from neutral, not to say hostile, parties—from Lord Lyttleton, the friend, and Sir William Forbes, the biographer, of Beattie; from Boswell also, toad-eater to Johnson—admiring or despising, as his deity gave the nod. Lord Lyttleton expressly notices the probity and candor of Hume, and the humanity of his manners. Forbes and Boswell speak, of their own knowledge, to a higher humanity, (worth all the manners in the world,)—his charity to the poor. On the other hand, we have had occasion to mention sundry particulars injurious to him as an historian; and some of them were moral defects, or on the very verge of being so. In speaking of them, we have spoken our mind freely.

There remains only one further point to mention. We do it with pain. But the transaction was an act of moral delinquency on the part of Hume, so fatal to all obligations and to all trust, that some charitable forbearance, we think, is necessary to reconcile it with his other virtues. It is a warning to all men against that indulgent and relaxed morality, to which the most lovable dispositions, by their calm and gentle natures, are most exposed. Hume discriminates in his writings between moral principles and speculative opinions. Errors or excesses in religion, he says, are not to be imputed as a fault; till they get possession of the heart, and alter the

boundaries of vice and virtue. But, alas! irreligion, too, has its monks, its fanaticism, and its pious frauds, as well as religion: and we think it but too plain that the irreligious spirit of Voltaire, Hume, and Gibbon, had fatally confounded their sentiments of morality, wherever religion or the clergy were concerned. For instance, late in life Hume was consulted by Colonel Edmonstone, whether a young man, who did not believe in the Thirty-nine Articles, and who had no inclination for the church, should go into orders. He advised in this case as, we feel assured, he would not have advised in any other.

We are ashamed to print his answer. It amounts to *Fiat sacrificulus, et pagum decipiat; populus vult decipi—decipiatur*. "It is putting" (answers the false oracle) "too great a respect on the vulgar and on their superstitions, to pique one's self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honor to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods—τοῖς θεοῖς πόλει. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it: and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation—without which it is impossible to pass through the world."

The letter to his publisher, (1755,) endeavoring to persuade him by the precedent of Bolingbroke, that a few strokes of irreligion might rather promote the sale of his books than hurt it, looked awkward. We cannot wonder that Dr. Brown attacked him on it, however it might be capable of being explained. But after advising a young man to compromise himself for life, by one of the most irreparable and irrevocable of all measures, he could no longer have rested his defence against any imputation upon his conduct, by an appeal to his unquestionable veracity. The time was over, for talking any more about that low fellow Warburton and his gang, and their finding it a difficult matter to persuade the public that he did not speak his sentiments, on any subject which he handled, or that he had any view to any interest whatever.

We hope that Hume had, on the whole, a happy life. But it was too abstracted a one; and too remote from the ordinary holds and moorings, necessary for the understanding as well as the heart of man. He had rudely cut the thread of many sympathies; and had refined away the obligation of many duties. In so doing he must at the same time have loosened even his own confidence in many of the more familiar virtues of domestic life. While he acknowledged to himself a proneness to suspect the attachment of his friends, he had not collected around him, in a family of his own, the affections which can never be questioned, and the interests which can never fail. He would have been happier, we think, if the severity of his code of morals had been a little raised—and if he had lifted himself up by looking to a higher nature! There was of old a legendary figure of Christ, which was said to have a power of growth in it, so as to be always taller than the tallest man. The companion to this figure, and also converse to it, would be the man, who, erect in himself and noble, yet, from looking upwards, becomes nobler still!

Hume's character, we confess, has not the elevation we desire. As, in his writings, we wish that they had a little more of the God in them—so we want a higher inspiration in his moral nature. His

happy constitution might be less in want of religion than many others. But he would, in all senses, have been the better for a little; and happier too. Knowing from Pope what is meant by a ruling passion, it is a poor thing to set it on the die of literary fame. In one way, he made the most of it; for his prescience of his growing reputation certainly soothed him in his last illness. This was something; but it is surely singular. Delusion for delusion, the *manes fabuleque* of another world, are at least an improvement on the after life of posthumous renown! Immortality on earth fades away before the light of immortality in a future state. On the other hand, what is to be said, but "vanity of vanities!" when a philosopher who has no expectation of a future state, and who is contemplating annihilation with complacency, is found, notwithstanding this, busied on his deathbed about his posthumous fame!—Careful what men may be saying of his *Essays* and his *Histories*, after he himself is sleeping in the grave, where all things are forgotten!

Hume had chosen literature for his profession. He always maintained its honor. He might, perhaps, be too sensitive to its pretensions; knowing how much they were his own. But when he was poorest, he never courted the great. After he had passed into public life, he checked Horace Walpole, with equal spirit and dignity, for speaking slightly of men of letters. They formed the principal difference, in his opinion, between one age and another. He had sense enough, however, of its peril—from the narrow escape which he had had himself—to warn Gilbert Stuart against depending on literature alone. Notwithstanding his French predilections, he consulted the literary glory of England, and Gibbon's also, in advising him to lay aside his Swiss-French, and (1767) write in English, as the growing language. Hume then was true, we think, to the interests of literature. But still, to place his moral nature even here, as high as Adam Smith has placed it—as high "as the frailty of human nature will permit"—he ought to have been awake to a more moral feeling of the greatness of its calling. He should have been more the servant of posterity, and less the slave of fame. There are noble words of Bacon, by which any man of letters may determine what his love of literature will be good for, in the eyes of God. "The greatest error of all the rest, is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge: For men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity, and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession;—but seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of men: As if there were sought in knowledge, a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale;—and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate!"

Mr. Burton, we think, will excuse us for having given our attention to his hero, rather than to himself. But it would be ungrateful, as well as unjust, if we were now to lay aside his interesting volumes without bearing testimony to the conscien-

tious, judicious, and courageous manner in which he has performed the duties of an editor; and to the useful assistance he has given to the reader, in the way both of suggestion and direct information, without once offending, either by over-admiration of his author, or over-anxiety to attract notice to himself.

THE TAX ON PAPER.

To whatever process we are indebted for our present race of poets, the "*nascitur, non fit*," is scarcely applicable, we admit, to the chancellors of the exchequer of our days; but that, in times not very remote, the "*divinus afflatus*" must with these gentlemen have sometimes supplied the place of labor and study, may, we think, be proved by their works. The Spanish monk who was troubled with religious doubts, and journeyed to Rome to seek a solution of them, found his faith wonderfully strengthened and confirmed by witnessing the licentious lives of the Roman clergy and people; since no religion, he argued, but one of Divine origin, could possibly exist amidst such universal corruption. In the same way, the invention of certain taxes may, we think, be fairly taken to show the inspiration of their authors; since common sense would never have had anything to do with the selecting of them.

You take an article in the manufacture of which many thousand hands and a large amount of capital are employed—which in its manufactured state is as much a necessary of intellectual, as the air we breathe is of animal life—without which we (authors and editors) die—without which there could be no commerce or literature, no science or art, no social or moral progress, no newspapers and no civilization; and this article you not only subject to a heavy duty, but you place any one undertaking to manufacture it under the surveillance of the excise, which immediately appoints officers to watch and regulate all his proceedings—without whom he cannot stir—who register and number the doors on his premises, which they have the right of entering by night or day—without whose presence he cannot make up his goods for sale—who prohibit him from sending them to market for twenty-four hours after they are so made up and charged for the duty—whose vexatious interference and intricate regulations, in fine, embarrass and impede all his operations; regulations which it is sometimes difficult to understand, sometimes impossible to comply with, but which are all equally fenced round by outrageous penalties.

In this fashion have we dealt with paper; and thus we extract from it a revenue of about £600,000 a year—nearly the same amount as was derived from the excise-duty on printed calicoes before that tax was abolished. Why the ministry of the day preferred relieving printed calicoes to paper, we cannot undertake to explain. Probably the calico-printers made more noise and were more troublesome; for it is an established rule in our legislation on such matters always to deny relief till we are clamored into it. The beggar in *Gil Blas*, who helped out his supplications for alms by levelling a musket on two cross sticks at the passers-by, read a lesson to all applicants to our chancellors of the exchequer; which, we suspect, paper-makers have not yet sufficiently studied. But the effect of the repeal on calico-printing was instantaneous. It was Gulliver released from the thousand tiny thongs and ligaments of the Lilliputians. Mr. Porter, in his

Progress of the Nation, states that many calico-printers, with the same premises, the same capital, and the same number of hands, within twelve months of the removal of the duty doubled their production! And the manufacture has since gone on rapidly increasing, until at last cheap printed gowns and handkerchiefs have been brought to the door of every woman of taste in Timbuctoo.

Let us turn to the statistics of the paper-trade. In 1836, when the tax was reduced to its present amount of 1*ld.* per pound on all papers, the quantity charged for duty was 82,108,947 pounds; in 1840, it was 97,237,358 pounds; in 1844, 109,495,148 pounds; which numbers, taking into account the increase of population, can scarcely be said to indicate any increased rate of consumption, notwithstanding the vast addition made in those years to the national wealth.

In 1845, under the stimulus given by the penny-postage act and by the speculations in publishing cheap literature, the quantity entered for consumption rose to 124,247,070 pounds; and it must necessarily be still increasing. But this rate of progress might, we have no doubt, be doubled, were the manufacture not "regulated," as it is pleasantly called, by our excise-laws.

The state of the export trade is curious and instructive. None of our paper, it will be believed, reaches Timbuctoo; little of it, in fact, reaches our own colonies. The French paper-makers, we are informed, copy the labels of the English—even profanely forge the sacred hieroglyphics of our excise!—and supply both the Indies with paper. They have no bonds, no debentures, no drawbacks; nor are their cream-colored reams opened out for examination when exported, and tumbled about till they are fit only to sell as "broke." They have no excisemen.

We have been unable to obtain the official returns of the exports of "paper;" but we subjoin those for "books" and "stationery" during the following years—

	BOOKS.		STATIONERY.	
	Cwt.	Value.	Cwt.	Value.
1836	8,257	£178,945	—	£301,000
1840	7,385	147,300	—	282,400
1844	9,462	174,350	—	263,827

So that our exports under both heads have been gradually diminishing! And the quantity of paper exported is now, we have reason to believe, little more than a twentieth part of the whole production. The fact is, that some parties export paper who will not go through the dilatory and vexatious forms necessary for obtaining the drawback; while others obtain the drawback with the design of fraudulently reintroducing the paper into England.

Such a tax, so levied, we cannot suppose will be long continued. We shall not always have four millions of Irish paupers to feed. And this book-reading, letter-writing people—this generation of authors, publishers, and subscribers—will not always submit to such barbarous restrictions on the chief vehicle of their intellectual pleasures.—*Speculator*.

ANECDOTES OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—[Translated from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.]—M. de Rothschild, lives as a king; Louis Philippe as a banker. Each morning, and this we know certainly, the king kindles his own fire, because, as he says, it is too badly done by others. The wood is all laid in the chimney arranged with kindling stuff, and Louis Philippe with his royal

hands makes the chimerical match blaze which is to irradiate his hearth-stone. Oh! great Louis XIV! do not thy ashes rise in anger at such a sight? Lastly, his regular physician, finding his head a little affected by a rush of blood, orders him a foot bath immediately. "It will answer to-morrow," said the king. "I would observe to your majesty that it would be much more prudent to take it to-day, this morning." "But, mon cher, I shall never have the time," Louis Philippe again replies. "How! not time? It is eight o'clock; your majesty breakfasts at half-past ten, and——" "Yes, certainly, it would be a simple thing in a well-ordered house," interrupted the royal invalid, smiling, "but here to get ready a foot bath, would require at least three hours, and everything would be deranged, whilst in ordering it this evening, I can hope to have it to-morrow morning," and the doctor could obtain nothing but this reply.

Here is quite a pleasant anecdote which is also in circulation about the king. During a dinner given to the officers, his majesty was in a very joyous mood, and the officers usually at such repasts are mirthful and noisy. The first part of the feast being over, they wished to get through the second. It is necessary to say that this took place at Neuilly, where rustic gaiety always destroys etiquette. "Sire," said the boldest of the noble cavaliers convened at the royal banquet, "your majesty ought to put the stamp upon your kindness, by singing to us a joyous canonet which you formerly sang beyond doubt." "Me," exclaimed Louis Philippe, a little surprised by this attack, but replying graciously, "I do not know any in truth, it is so long since I was young!" "Oh, sire," replied all the officers simultaneously; perceiving that their request was not repulsed with anger—"only let your majesty search your memory and you will certainly remember at least some refrain." "No, my faith," said the king, thinking for an instant,—"I know only the Marseillaise!" "Ah, well! the Marseillaise," said the officers, clapping their hands. But M. Guizot, who assisted in this little comedy, quitted his seat all bewildered, and spoke low to the king—"Oh! sire—sire—what would you do?" "Have no fear," said the king, with a self-possession which never abandons him, "the tune alone is dangerous and I have forgotten it." Saying these words, the king indicating that he was about to commence singing, there was a profound silence, and Louis Philippe sung the Marseillaise to the tune of "by the grace of God!" in French a very pretty love song.—*Transcript*.

LAMB-LIKE RESIGNATION.—Charles Lamb, when reminded by his sister of the days when they were poor, and capable of enjoying every little treat with the keenest relish, so different from the days when they were rich, stately, and dull, said, "Well, Bridget, since we are in easy circumstances, we must just endeavor to put up with it."

PARABLE.—A pious monk, one day when he had been unusually fervent in his devotion, found his darkened cell suddenly illuminated by an unearthly light, and there stood before him a vision of the Saviour, his countenance beaming with godlike love, his hands outstretched with a gesture of kind invitation. At that same moment rang the convent bell, which called the monk, in the regular course of his duty to distribute alms to the poor at the gate. For an instant he hesitated; but the next instant found him, true to his vow of charity, on his way to the gate. The poor relieved, the work of love complete, he returned in sadness to his cell, doubting not that the heavenly vision had taken flight. But, to his surprise and joy, it was still there, and with a smile even more full than before of divine beauty and ineffable love; and there came from it the words,—"Hadst thou staid, I had fled."—A. P. Peabody.

THE POET'S AUCTION.

As I strolled down St. James', I heard a voice cry,
 "The auction's beginning, come buy, sir, come buy."
 On a door was a crape, on a wall a placard,
 Proclaiming to earth, it had lost its last bard.
 In I rambled, and, climbing a dark pair of stairs,
 Found all the blue-stockings, all giggling in pairs;
 The crooked of tongue, and the crooked of spine,
 All ugly as Hecate, and old as the Nine.

There were A, B, C, D's—all your "ladies of letters,"
 Well known for a trick of abusing their betters;
 With their *beaus*! the old snuffling and spectacled
 throng,

Who haunt their "*soirees*" for liqueurs and souchong;
 There was "dear Mrs. Blunder," who scribbles *Astronomy*—

Miss Babble, who "owns" the "sweet" Tales on *Gastronomy*;

Miss Claptrap, who writes the "Tractarian Apologies,"

With a host of old virgins, all stiff in the ologies.

There sat, grim as a ghoul, the sublime Mrs. Tomb,
 With rouged Mrs. Lamp, like a corpse in full bloom,
 And the hackney-coach tourist, old Mrs. Bazaar,
 Who lauds every ass with a ribbon and star;
 Describes every tumble-down Schloss, brick by brick,
 And quotes her flirtations with "dear Metternich;"
 With those frolicsome ladies who visit *harâms*,
 And swallow, like old Lady Mary, their qualms.

There was, dressed à la *Chickasaw*, Miss Chesapeake,
 Who makes novels as naked as "nymphs from the
 Greek;"

Mrs. Myth, with a chin like a Jew's upon Hermon;
 Mrs. Puff, who reviewed the archbishop's last sermon;
 Miss Scamper, who runs up the Rhine twice a year,
 To tell us how Germans smoke pipes and will beer.
 All the breakfasting set: for the bard "drew a line,"
 And asked the Magnificoes only, to dine.

There stood old Viscount Bungalow, hiding the fire,
 As blind as a beetle, the great picture-buyer;
 With Earl Dilettante, stone-deaf in both ears,
 An opera-fixture these last fifty years;
 Little Dr. de Rougemont, the famous Mesmeric,
 Who cures all the girls by a touch of hysteric;
 And Dean Dismal, court-chaplain, whose pathos and
 prose

Would beat Mesmer himself at producing a doze.

And there, with their eyes starting out of their sockets,
 A tribe, whose light fingers I keep from my pockets,
Messieurs les Attaches, all grin and moustache,
 With their souls in full scent for our heiresses' cash.

Four eminent lawyers, with first-rate intentions
 Of living the rest of their lives on their pensions,
 With six heads of colleges, hurried to town,
 To know if Sir Bob, or Lord John, would go down.

"Here's a volume of verse," was the auctioneer's cry.
 "What! nobody bids!—Tom, throw that book by.
 Though it cost the great author one half of his life,
 Unplugged (I beg pardon) with children or wife,
 Here's an Epic in embryo, still out of joint,
 Here's a bushel of Epigrams wanting the point,
 With a lot of *Impromptus*, all finished to fit
 A dull diner-out with *extempore* wit.

"Here's a sonnet, inscribed 'To the Shade of a Sigh.'
 A 'Lament' on 'The Death of a Favorite Fly.'
 And, well worth a shilling, that sweetest of lays—
 To the riband that tied up a 'Duchess's stays.'

Here's a note from a Young-England Club, for a loan,
 Lord B——'s famous speech on 'The Sex of Pope
 Joan,'

With the bard's private budget of H—ll—d House
 stories,

Of tories turned whigs, and of whigs turning tories.

"What! nobody bids! Must I shut up the sale?
 Well; take all the verses at so much per bale!
 I come to the autographs:—One from the Duke,
 Assigning the cause for cashiering his cook;
 A missive from Byr-n,—a furious epistle,—
 Which proves that a bard may pay 'dear for his
 whistle;'

With letters from geniuses, sunk in despair,
 By the doctrine, that 'poets should live upon air.'

"A scrap from Bob Burns, to d—n the Excise,
 Where they sent him to perish—(a word to the wise;
 A line from Sir W—l-r, in anguish and debt,
 To thank his good king for *what never came yet*;
 A song from the minstrel of minstrels, T—m M—re,
 To laud his 'dear country' for keeping him poor;
 With a prayer from old Coleridge, in hope that his
 bones

Might escape all the humbug of 'national stones!'

"Here's a note to T—m C—mpb—ll, (indorsed, '*From
 a Peer*,')

To mulct Income-tax from his hundred a year;
 Pinned up with a note from his *Chef* to his Grace,
 That he 'must have five hundred, or throw up his
 place;'

Here's an epitaph written by Haydon's last pen—
 Poh! Genius may die in a ditch or a den!
 The country wants none of it, female or male,
 So, as no one bids sixpence, I'll shut up the sale."

Blackwood.

NEW BOOKS.

HARPER & BROTHERS have published An Exposition of the Apocalypse. By David N. Lord. Also, Scenes in Nature, or Conversations for Children, on Land and Water.

WILEY & PUTNAM's Library of Choice Reading, Nos. 87 and 88, are the two first parts of Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte—to be completed in six parts.

Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature,

Nos. 3, 4, 5, republished by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. This valuable work is given to the American reader on good paper and well printed.

Chambers' Information for the People, issued by Redding & Co., for G. B. Zieber & Co. This work is in itself of equal value with the last mentioned, but is not well printed nor upon good paper. After going to so great expense to stereotype a large book, it appears like waste, to let it go forth, in so inferior a style.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by LITTELL & PAXSON, at No. 165 Tremont St., BOSTON. Price 12¢ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, remittances and orders should be addressed to the office of publication as above.

Twenty dollars will pay for 4 copies for a year.

COMPLETE SETS to the end of 1846, making eleven large volumes, are for sale, neatly bound in cloth, for

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AGENCIES.—The publishers are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. But it must be understood that in all cases payment in advance is expected. The price of the work is so low that we cannot afford to incur either risk or expense in the collection of debts.